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Mothers in Israel.

By Susa Young Gates.

MARY FIELDING SMITH, WIFE OF THE PATRIARCH HYRUM SMITH.

When the roll of the greatest women of modern times is called, we make no doubt that the name of Lucy Mack Smith will head that roll. The second name on that list will be that of Mary Fielding Smith, the wife of the Patriarch Hyrum Smith, and the mother of our President Joseph F. Smith. Her greatness, her power, her beauty and her charm have laid hidden in the modest silence and reserve with which she covered all her own acts. But the pages of history will yet record what she was, what she did and why she is entitled to this exalted rank.

Mary Fielding was born in Honydon, England, July 21, 1801, into the home of a pious, refined, intellectual and educated family. Mary was trained in all the arts of home making. She was given a liberal education for girls in those days, for not only did she receive the usual studies permitted to young ladies of that period, but she added that of music, literature and deportment, for she was a lovely singer, and knew something of that art, as well as cultured and refined in her manners and speech. She inherited a masterly control of fiancial problems, and early showed the initiative and self-control which later made her so self-reliant and resourceful. To sweetness of disposition, she added strength of mind and power of instant decision. But over all the strength and firmness of her soul she drew the veil of modest womanhood so closely that only her very own realized how great was her gift, how supreme were her powers.

Three of the Fielding family—Joseph, Mercy and Mary decided to go out of the old home and try their fortunes in that new and promising land of Upper Canada. Joseph and Mercy came first, and settled in Toronto. No doubt their glowing accounts of conditions in that growing city hastened Mary's coming to join them in their quest for better possibilities and conditions than the

old country could afford to aspiring English youth. So Mary came over in 1834. Here they formed the acquaintance of President John Taylor, who was from England. John Taylor was a finely educated and eloquent Methodist reformer. On reaching Toronto, he gathered around him a sturdy congregation of independent religious worshipers.

When Parley P. Pratt visited Toronto, in 1837, with his Gospel message, he found a company of intellectual and nobly molded souls who were awaiting that very summons, even if they were unconscious of the fact. There were President John Taylor and his beautiful and highly educated wife, Leonora Cannon Taylor; Joseph, Mercy and Mary Fielding, and Joseph Horne and his sterling wife, Mary Isabella, who was also destined to become one of the great mothers in modern Israel. These were all baptized. Mercy and Mary accompanied their brother Joseph Fielding to Kirtland in 1837, shortly after their baptism. We copy here a remarkably clear and scholarly letter written by Mary to her sister Mercy who was then in Canada. Mary was living in Kirtland, and was not then married. Her clear-cut sentences reveal a logical mind and an educated pen. The spirit of firm faith and unflinching testimony in this letter is an index to her whole character and after life:

Kirtland, 1837.

Mrs. Mercy R. Thompson,
Care Wm. Lawes, Churchville.

MY DEAR SISTER:—I have this day received a very short note from you, and am glad to learn by Brother Babbitt that you are well and comfortably situated. He tells me he is expecting soon to return to Canada, so that it is unnecessary for me to say much, as he can inform you of the state of things here verbally better than I can by writing, but still I can hardly refrain from sending a few lines. I am now teaching school which I took for one month, the time expires tomorrow when I expect again to be at liberty, or without employment, but I feel my mind pretty much at rest on that subject. I have called upon the Lord for direction and trust he will open my way. I hope you will not fail to remember me at the Throne of Grace. I have no doubt but you have many trials, but I am inclined to think you have not quite so much to endure as I have. Be this as it may, the Lord knows what our intentions are, and he will support us and give us grace and strength for the day, if we continue to put out trust in him and devote ourselves unreservedly to his service. I do thank my heavenly Father for the comfort and peace of mind I now enjoy in the midst of all the confusion and perplexity and raging of the devil against the work of God in this place, for although there is a great number of faithful, precious souls, yea, the salt of the earth,

yet it may be truly called a place where Satan has his seat; he is frequently stirring up some of the people to strife and contention and dissatisfaction with things they do not understand. I often have, of late, been led to look back on the circumstance of Korah and his company when they rose up against Moses and Aaron. If you read 15th chapter of Numbers you will there find the feelings and conduct of many of the poeple, and even the elders of Israel in these days, exactly described; whether the Lord will come out today in a similar way or not, I cannot tell. I sometimes think it may be so, but I pray God to have mercy upon us all and preserve us from the power of the great enemy, who knows he has but a short time to work in. We have had a terrible stir with Wm. Parrish the particulars of which I cannot here give you at length. We are not yet able to tell where it will end. I have been made to tremble and quake before the Lord and to call upon him with all my heart almost day and night, as many others have done of late. I believe the voice of prayer has sounded in the House of the Lord some days, from morning till night, and it has been by these means that we have hitherto prevailed, and it is by this means only that I for one expect to prevail. I feel more and more convinced that it is through suffering that we are to be made perfect, and I have already found it to have the effect of driving me nearer to the Lord and so suffering has become a great blessing to me. I have sometimes of late been so filled with the love of God, and felt such essence of his favor as has made me rejoice abundantly indeed. My heavenly Father has been very gracious unto me, both temporally and spiritually. Since I commenced this letter, a kind sister has proposed my going to stay for a while with her to take charge of two or three children who have been in my school; they purpose giving something besides my board, and I think this will suit me better than a public school, if it is but little. I expect to go there in a day or two, and hope to be quite comfortable as I know the family to be on the Lord's side. The mother is a cousin of Brother Joseph's, and took care of him when a child. Their name is Dort. I felt much pleased to see Sisters Walton and Snider who arrived here on Saturday about noon, having left Brothers Joseph Smith and Brigham about twenty miles from Fairport to evade the mobbers. They were to come home in Dr. Avard's carriage, and expected to arrive about 10 o'clock at night, but to their great disappointment they were prevented in a most grievous manner. They had got within four miles of home, after a very fatigueing journey, much pleased with their visit to Canada and greatly anticipating the pleasure of seeing their homes and families, when they were surrounded with a mob and taken back to Painsville and secured, as was supposed, in a tavern where they intended to hold a mock trial, but to the disappointment of the wretches, the housekeeper

was a member of the Church, who assisted our beloved brethren in making their escape; but, as "Brother Joseph" says, not by a basket let down through the window, but by the kitchen door. No doubt the hand of the Lord was in it, or it could not have been effected. The day had been extremely wet and the night was unusually dark and you may try if you can to conceive what the situation was. They hardly knew which way to start as it had by that time got to be about ten o'clock. The first step they took was to find the woods as quickly as possible where they thought they should be safe, but in order to reach there, they had to lie down in a swamp by an old log, just where they happened to be. So determinedly were they pursued by their mad enemies in every direction, and sometimes so closely, that "Brother Joseph" was obliged to entreat "Brother Brigham" to breathe more softly if he meant to escape. *When they would run or walk they took each other by the hand and covenanted to live and die together.* Owing to the darkness of the night, their pursuers had to carry lighted torches, which was one means of the escape of our beloved sufferers, as they could see them in every direction while they were climbing over fences or traveling through bush or cane fields, until about 12 o'clock. After traveling, as they suppose, in this manner five or six miles, they found the road which led homeward and saw no more of their pursuers. After traveling on foot along muddy, slippery roads until near three in the morning, they arrived safely at home about fainting with fatigue. He, "Brother Joseph," told us that he knew in his heart when first taken that he would see home before sunrise, and thank God it was so. Notwithstanding all he had to endure, he appeared in the House of the Lord throughout the Sabbath, in excellent spirits, spoke in a very powerful manner, and blessed the congregation in the name of the Lord; and I do assure you the Saints felt the blessing, and left the House rejoicing abundantly, returning their blessing upon him. Brother Rigdon, through his great weariness, and a small hurt, received from a fall, did not attend the House, but is now well. I suppose all these things will only add another gem to their crown. I did not think of taking up so much roo min relating these circumstances, but I have been as brief as possible.

I must now give you an account of a very affecting event which took place in Kirtland Sunday before last. You will, of course, remember a Wm. Clark, a miller who had been a great opposer of our Church, as he and his wife with some of their children and other friends were returning from the Presbyterian-Methodist House, in a very nice carriage. About one minute after they passed the House of the Lord, their horses took fright and started off the side of the hill, and hurt Mrs. C. so seriously as to prove fatal. She was buried on the Wednesday following. She has left six weeping children and a mourning husband. In-

deed, on the day preceding the accident she was heard to speak very unfavorably of our Church, but is now gone to prove whether it is the Church of Christ or not. I greatly desire that this visitation may be sanctified to the family.

I believe it is not quite a year since "Brother Joseph" told Wm. Clark that the curse of God would be upon him for his conduct towards him and the Church. You may remember that our people wished to purchase his place, but he would not sell it on any reasonable terms and therefore kept it, and has been a trouble in the place, but has prospered in business so much as to say he never prospered better, and told a person some time ago that he was ready for another of Joseph Smith's curses. I feel inclined to think he will never be heard to utter such words again. May the Lord forgive and save Mr. Clark, and all others who raise their hand against the Lord's anointed, for I see more clearly than ever that this is no trifling sin in the sight of God. No; it is as great as it was in any age of the world. I sincerely wish that all the preachers of the Church had a proper sense of their duty and privilege in this respect. I expect to hear from you soon and also from England. I hope I shall not be disappointed. Tell me if you and Brother Thomas have any idea of coming to Kirtland this fall. If the field of labor remains open there and unless a change should take place in the state of affairs here for the better, I should not advise it, however much I might desire to see you here. Scores of men are out of employ here even in the summer and how it will be in the winter I cannot tell. But I fear for Kirtland. Oh, that we as a people may be faithful, for this is our only hope, and all we have to depend upon. Give my kind love to Brother Thompson and all other friends, particularly Brother and Sister Laws. I thank them for their kindness to you. I thank Brother Thompson for his last kind letter. I should be pleased with another. I remain,

Your very affectionate sister,

MARY FIELDING.

In November, 1837, Mary was married to the Patriarch Hyrum Smith, his first wife, Jerusha Borden, having died previously.

Mary found herself the mother of five step-children, and never did a girl assume motherhood better prepared for such heavy initial responsibilities than Mary Fielding Smith. All her qualities of resourcefulness and courage were to be tested to the uttermost. And it may be truly said that no trial, not even the supreme one of final integrity to the Truth, ever found her lacking courage and the power of right decision. She did not live in borrowed light. She held supremely the light within her own soul.

Just before her marriage, she was vitally interested in that

first mission that was taken by Heber C. Kimball to open the European country for the preaching of the gospel of Christ. Her brother Joseph was the companion of Brother Kimball, who planned to visit their brother, Rev. James Fielding, in Preston, where the English mission was opened. Mary and her sister Mercy who had married the Prophet's friend and one-time secretary, Robert B. Thompson, accompanied the party to Fairport. We are told that Brigham Young, Levi Richards, with Brother Kimball's wife, Vilate, and Brother Greene's wife, Rhoda (who was the sister of Brigham Young), with Mary Fielding and Mercy Thompson, all accompanied Heber C. Kimball and Orson Hyde down the river to Fairport. As Brother Kimball was about to separate from this company, without a dollar in his pocket, and sick, yet not discouraged, Mary Fielding, with her characteristic modesty and the quiet generosity which was so much a part of her nature, stepped up to him and put five dollars in his hand. It was a God-send, and paid his and Brother Hyde's passage to Buffalo.

From this time, Mary's history is merged in that of her greater husband, Hyrum Smith. She shared his trials, she sweetened his daily life with her wifely ministrations, and above all she relieved him of every anxiety connected with the care and rearing of his five motherless children. For the heart of her husband could safely trust in her.

On the first day of November, 1838, while she was in a delicate condition of health, indeed, thirteen days before her oldest child, Joseph Fielding, was born, she was informed that her husband had been betrayed by Col. George M. Hinkle into the hands of the mob at Far West, and on the day following they told her that she "had seen her husband for the last time."

Her son Joseph Fielding Smith, our present President of the Church, was born to his tortured mother while under this black cloud of oppression. She lingered on that bed of affliction for four months, unable to rally from the blow which had been dealt her life-forces. Three months after, she was taken in a wagon on her sick bed to see her husband, then confined with the Prophet Joseph Smith as a prisoner in Liberty jail, Clay County, Mo. Still confined to her bed, she was driven in her wagon from Far West out of the state of Missouri, together with the rest of the "Mormon" refugees. After untold sorrows and pains, trials and afflictions, she, together with the little family which she held together with Spartan fortitude, reached Quincey, Ill., where she was at last joined by her loving husband on April 22, 1839. What a picture of persecution and human suffering is confined in that six months of separation. You who go quietly in and out of beautiful and safe homes, can you realize what this frail and loving mother in Israel endured during that soul-racking period? Oh, daughters of Zion, stop and reflect upon the foundation stones

laid for us by those heroic mothers who planted their feet with the blood of sacrifice and builded their walls in their own bones and bodies. What scenes float before the vision as these incidents unroll before our eyes. No wonder the Prophet asked to have the vision blotted out from his eyes.

In May, 1839, the Patriarch moved his family to Nauvoo, where Mary thereafter resided till the expulsion from Nauvoo. Some time after arriving in Nauvoo, Mary gave birth to her second and last child, Martha Ann, who is still living in Provo, and who is later spoken of in this sketch.

In 1841, Mary set in motion the organization of a simple and modest fund which was called "The Sisters' Penny Subscription" for the purpose of buying nails and glass for the Nauvoo Temple. So quietly did this plan operate that only the briefest mention is made of it in the periodicals of the day; but it worked something of a financial miracle, for hundreds of dollars were thus collected. Who may say that this initiative on the part of Mary Fielding Smith was not productive of much of the later organized effort put forth by the women of the Church? The Relief Society was not then in operation; this fund was specifically directed for Temple purposes, and it accomplished its end. We who fancy that today sees the full flower of the powers and genius of woman for organized effort, would do well to study the annals of the earlier heroines of the Church who laid their foundation stones so deep and broad that it is given to us simply to build upon them as best we may. Think of this burdened woman, the mother of two children, the step-mother of four more, and the caretaker of all the poor unfortunates whom her tender-hearted husband brought constantly into her welcoming home—think of this delicately reared lady, herself frail but like sprung steel in composition, think of her—ye daughters of Zion, going about to gather in pennies from the women of Nauvoo to buy the glass and nails for that wondrous Temple in Nauvoo. Our teachers of today who go out from time to time ministering and teaching under the most comfortable modern conditions, can scarcely realize the struggles made in those early days by these heroic mothers in Israel.

When the scenes and sufferings incident to the martyrdom fell upon the families of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his devoted brother Hyrum, who may tell the agony of suspense, the torture of fear which shook the breasts of the women who waited in vain for that release from prison, which had been miraculously given so often before. Few thought that the arrest would terminate fatally, for the Prophet had been so imprisoned and haled into courts over forty times by his enemies. Yet this time, the Prince and powers of the air held sway and the blood of the martyrs cried from the ground of Illinois.

Who can guess the gloom and misery which filled the home of Mary Fielding Smith, when her husband was brought cold in death to receive the last rites from his friends. But here and now was the supreme test of that majestic spirit of the martyred Patriarch's wife, Mary. Was she a true convert to the gospel as preached by Christ, and afterwards revealed again to the earth through the Prophet Joseph Smith? Had she the courage of her conversion? Would she now falter and turn aside in this awful crisis?

We do not know just what followed the martyrdom in the homes of the wives of those great heroes, but this we do know—that when the Twelve, led by Brigham Young, decided to come out to the West, the widow of the Prophet Joseph, Emma Hale Smith, refused to accompany them on this journey. She was approached by the messenger of President Brigham Young three times, for Bishop Whitney often told the story in the presence of our honored president of the Relief Society, Emmeline B. Wells, of how President Brigham Young sent him (Bishop Whitney) to offer every help and assistance to Sister Emma Smith to convey her and her household with the body of the Church to their first stopping place—Winter Quarters. President George A. Smith related many times, in the presence of his nephew, Joseph F. Smith, now president of the Church, the story of how he (Brother George A. Smith) went to his Aunt Emma, seeking to reconcile her to President Brigham Young, offering every help and inducement to come to Nauvoo with the Twelve and the body of the Church. But she was obdurate, and continued her refusal. No doubt, she felt she had ample justification, but whatever her motive, she failed in this supreme test. But the wife of the Patriarch did not fail—she triumphed gloriously. The Church offered every induecment to the Prophet's widow to come West but "Widow" Smith, the widow of the Patriarch, was left alone to make her plans and to devise her own schemes. This test was the cap-sheaf of all her other trials and tests. But she rose supremely to the occasion, for her whole life of self-sacrifice, toil, fortitude, faith and integrity had prepared her for this hour. If she had failed, her beloved son would not now be the President of this Church. She did not, she could not fail—for she had the divine light of testimony in her own soul.

Mary Fielding Smith was not only subjected to the bitter trials of her violent widowhood and left with the care of her own two little children, and the care and charge of her step-children whom she guarded and loved as her own, she was also left alone as it were to fight her life-battles. The position of the Church itself was no doubt sufficient excuse for her forgotten condition, for all were poor, all were weighed down with sorrow and affliction. Yet in the midst of these most trying circum-

stances, the faith and courage of this woman of God shone out like a star of hope and a bow of radiant promise. Yet she was beset by foes without and fears within.

One day her little son Joseph sat in the upper chamber of her Nauvoo home into which chamber ran the pipe of the sitting-room stove below, thus making it possible to hear distinctly the voices of those below in the sitting room. The boy knew that his brother John had left secretly, or at least quietly, in the company of Brother Heber C. Kimball, with the first company of refugees from Nauvoo who crossed the ice to begin their journey for the unknown West. He knew also that his mother would follow with her little family sooner or later. But he was startled to hear the voice of his uncle William Smith below one day, lifted in angry expostulation with his loved mother for permitting her son John to be "spirited away." The boy heard his uncle demand the return of the Patriarch's son, and as the mother quietly and firmly refused to accede to the angry man's insensate demand, he became so violent and abusive in his language that the boy upstairs longed for age and maturity in order that he might defend his helpless mother from such unwarranted and bitter assaults. And still Mary Fielding Smith remained firm and unshaken in her allegiance to the gospel, and she accepted without question the succession of the Twelve to the leadership of the Church. Neither the cajolery nor the threats of William Smith could move her from her testimony or her determination. This invincible faith and determination, if nothing else were at hand, would convince a candid mind that she was one of the world's greatest souls.

It would be unjust at this time not to mention the loving ministrations and support of her sister, Mercy Fielding Thompson, who had been a widow for some time. Mercy and Mary were often called the Mary and Martha of the modern dispensation. Yet both were spiritual, both were temporal. And both were beautiful in spirit and in body. Mercy lived with her sister at this time, and their brother Joseph, although he had two wives and a large family of his own to look after, never failed these young widows.

Another tragic circumstance which occurred at this time serves to illustrate the unflinching fortitude of this great woman. One day the Prophet's wife Emma sent word to Mary that she was going to disinter the bodies of the martyrs, and place them in a hidden spot, as they feared removal by others. Then, late in the afternoon word came to Mary that the plan was postponed. So she went quietly to bed with her children. About midnight, she was suddenly impressed that there was something wrong. She got up, dressed, threw a shawl over her head and ran down to the burial spot, where her husband lay. She caught the conspirators in the act of removal. And she refused to move or be put off. She

remained until she saw the removal of the bodies, and knew exactly where they were placed in their new burial. Her small son Joseph himself visited the sacred yet now desecrated spot the next morning, saw the open grave, and noted that his uncle Don Carlos' coffin had been broken off at one end in their haste of the night before, exposing the earth worms in their ravages of what was once a loved human form. What scenes of woe and horror has this widow and her little son not witnessed? And still she remained firm in her allegiance to the gospel.

The reader will ask—"Where are these consecrated Ones now buried? Who can tell? When you hear that wondrously plaintive song, "The Unknown Grave," it pictures the mystery and the loneliness of the last resting place of the greatest Prophets the world has seen, save and excepting only the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a mystery! If we all knew where these beloved bodies were laid, when the time comes for their resurrected bodies to arise—if that event has not already long since taken place—there would be those who might dig up the sacred remains to attempt to prove what would not be possible.

To read the epic of "Widow" Smith's journey from Winter Quarters to the Valley as written for the old Faith-promoting Series, is to know what woman can do and what woman has done in the face of every opposing foe to her progress and independence. We quote the following excerpts from that narrative:

"At the death of the Patriarch, June 27th, 1844, the care of the family fell upon his widow, Mary Smith. Besides the children there were two old ladies named respectively, Hannah Grinnels, who had been in the family many years, and Margaret Brysen. There was also a younger one, named Jane Wilson, who was troubled with fits and otherwise afflicted, and was, therefore, very dependent, and an old man, named George Mills, who had also been in the family eleven years, and was almost entirely blind and very crabbed. These and others, some of whom had been taken care of by the Patriarch out of charity, were members of the family and remained with them until after they arrived in the valley. 'Old George,' as he was sometimes called, had been a soldier in the British army, had never learned to read or write, and often acted upon impulse more than from the promptings of reason, which made it difficult, sometimes, to get along with him, but because he had been in the family so long—through the troubles of Missouri and Illinois—and had lost his eyesight from the effects of brain fever and inflammation, caused by taking cold while in the woods gettting out timbers for the temple at Nauvoo, Widow Smith bore patiently all his peculiarities up to the time of her death. Besides those I have mentioned, Mercy R. Thompson, sister to Widow Smith, and her daughter, and Elder James Lawson were also members of the family.

"On or about the 8th of September, 1846, the family, with others, were driven out of Nauvoo by the threats of the mob, and encamped on the banks of the Mississippi River, just below Montrose. There they were compelled to remain two or three days, in view of their comfortable homes just across the river, unable to travel for the want of teams, while the men were preparing to defend the city against the attack of the mob. They were thus under the necessity of witnessing the commencement of the memorable "Battle of Nauvoo,' but, before the cannonading ceased, they succeeded in moving out a few miles, away from the dreadful sound of it, where they remained until they obtained, by a change of property at a great sacrifice, teams and an outfit for the journey through Iowa to the Winter Quarters of the Saints, now Florence, Nebraska. Arriving at that point late in the fall, they were obliged to turn out their work animals to pick their living through the Winter, during which some of their cattle, and eleven out of their thirteen horses died, leaving them very destitute of teams in the spring.

"In the fall of 1847, Widow Smith and her brother, Joseph Fielding, made a trip into Missouri, with two teams, to purchase provisions for the family. Joseph, her son, accompanied them as teamster; he was then nine years of age. The team he drove consisted of two yoke of oxen, one yoke being young and only partially broken, which, with the fact that the roads were very bad with the fall rains, full of stumps in places, sometimes hilly, and that he drove to St. Joseph, Missouri, and back, a distance of about three hundred miles, without meeting with one serious accident, proves that he must have been a fair teamster for a boy of his age.

"In the Spring of 1847, George Mills was fitted out with a team and went in the company of President Young as one of the Pioneers to the Valley; and soon a portion of the family in the care of Brother James Lawson emigrated from 'Winter Quarters,' arriving in the Valley that Fall.

"In the Spring of 1848, a tremendous effort was made by the Saints to emigrate to the Valley on a grand scale. No one was more anxious than Widow Smith; but to accomplish it seemed an impossibility. She still had a large and comparatively helpless family. Her two sons, John and Joseph, mere boys, being her only support; the men folks, as they were called, Brother J. Lawson and G. Mills, being in the Valley with the teams they had taken. Without teams sufficient to draw the number of wagons necessary to haul provisions and outfit for the family, and without means to purchase, or friends who were in circumstances to assist, she determined to make an attempt, and trust in the Lord for the issue. Accordingly every nerve was strained, and every available object was brought into requisition. 'Jackie' was

traded off for provisions, cows and calves were yoked up, two wagons lashed together, and teams barely sufficient to draw one was hitched on to them, and in this manner they rolled out from Winter Quarters some time in May. After a series of the most amusing and trying circumstances, such as sticking in the mud, doubling teams up all the little hills, and crashing at ungovernable speed down the opposite sides, breaking wagon tongues and reaches, upsetting, and vainly endeavoring to control wild steers, heifers and unbroken cows, they finally succeeded in reaching the Elk Horn, where the companies were being organized for the plains.

"Here Widow Smith reported herself to President Kimball, as having 'started for the Valley.' Meantime, she had left no stone unturned or problem untried, which promised assistance in effecting the necessary preparations for the journey. She had done her utmost, and still the way looked dark and impossible.

"President Kimball consigned her to Captain ———'s fifty. The captain was present; said he, 'Widow Smith, how many wagons have you?'

"'Seven.'

"'How many yoke of oxen have you?'

"'Four, and so many cows and calves.'

"'Well,' said the captain, 'Widow Smith, it is folly for you to start in this manner; you never can make the journey, and if you try it, you will be a burden upon the company the whole way. My advice to you is, go back to Winter Quarters and wait till you can get help.

"This speech aroused the indignation of Joseph, who stood by and heard it; he thought it was poor consolation to his mother who was struggling so hard, even against hope as it were, for her deliverance; and if he had been a little older it is possible that he would have said some very harsh things to the captain; but as it was, he busied himself with his thoughts and bit his lips.

"Widow Smith calmly replied, 'Father ——— (he was an aged man), 'I will beat you to the Valley and will ask no help from you either!'

"This seemed to nettle the old gentleman, for he was of high mettle. It is possible that he never forgot this prediction, and that it influenced his conduct towards her more or less from that time forth as long as he lived, and especially during the journey.

"While the companies were lying at Elk Horn, Widow Smith sent back to Winter Quarters, and by the blessing of God, succeeded in buying on credit, and hiring for the journey, several yoke of oxen from brethren who were not able to emigrate that year, (among these brethren one Brother Rogers was ever gratefully remembered by the family). When the companies were ready to start, Widow Smith and her family were somewhat

better prepared for the journey and rolled out with lighter hearts and better prospects than favored their egress from Winter Quarters.

"Passing over from the Platte to the Sweetwater, the cattle suffered extremely from the heat, the drought, and the scarcity of feed, being compelled to browse on dry rabbit brush, sage brush, weeds and such feed as they could find, all of which had been well picked over by the preceding companies. Captain ———'s company being one of the last, still keeping along, frequently in sight of, and sometimes camping with President Kimball's company which was very large. One day as they were moving along slowly through the hot sand and dust, the sun pouring down with excessive heat, toward noon one of Widow Smith's best oxen laid down in the yoke, rolled over on his side, and stiffened out his legs spasmodically, evidently in the throes of death. The unanimous opinion was that he was poisoned. All the hindmost teams, of course, stopped, the people coming forward to know what was the matter. In a short time the captain, who was in advance of the company, perceiving that something was wrong, came to the spot.

Perhaps no one supposed that the ox would ever recover. The captain's first words on seeing him, were:

" 'He is dead, there is no use working with him; we'll have to fix up some way to take the Widow along, I told her she would be a burden upon the company.'

"Meantime Widow Smith had been searching for a bottle of consecrated oil in one of the wagons, and now came forward with it, and asked her brother, Joseph Fielding, and the other brethren, to administer to the ox, thinking the Lord would raise him up. They did so, pouring a portion of the oil on the top of his head, between and back of the horns, they all laid hands upon him, and one prayed, administering the ordinance as they would have done to a human being that was sick. Can you guess the result? In a moment he gathered his legs under him, and at the first word arose to his feet, and traveled right off as well as ever. He was not even unyoked from his mate. The captain, it may well be supposed, heartily regretted his hasty conclusions and unhappy expressions. They had not gone very far when another and exactly similar circumstance occurred. This time also it was one of her best oxen, the loss of either would have effectually crippled one team, as they had no cattle to spare. But the Lord mercifully heard their prayers, and recognized the holy ordinance of anointing and prayer, and the authority of the Priesthood when applied in behalf of even a poor dumb brute! Sincere gratitude from more than one heart in that family, went up unto the Lord that day for His visible interposition in their behalf. At or near a place called Rattlesnake Bend, on the Sweet-

water, one of Widow Smith's oxen died of sheer old age, and consequent poverty. He had been comparatively useless for some time, merely carrying his end of the yoke without being of any further service in the team; he was therefore no great loss.

"At the last crossing of the Sweetwater, Widow Smith was met by James Lawson, with a span of horses and a wagon, from the Valley. This enabled her to unload one wagon, and send it, with the best team, back to Winter Quarters to assist another family the next season. Elder Joel Terry returned with the team. At this place the captain was very unfortunate, several of his best cattle and a valuable mule laid down and died, supposed to have been caused by eating poisonous weeds. There was no one in the camp who did not feel a lively sympathy for the captain, he took it to heart very much. He was under the necessity of obtaining help, and Widow Smith was the first to offer it to him, but he refused to accept of it from her hands. Joseph sympathized with him, and would gladly have done anything in his power to aid him; but here again, it is painful to say, he repulsed his sympathy and chilled his heart and feelings more and more by insinuating to others, in his presence, that Widow Smith had poisoned his cattle! Saying, 'Why should my cattle, and nobody's else, die in this manner? There is more than a chance about this. It was well planned,' etc., expressly for his ear. This last thrust was the severing blow. Joseph resolved, some day, to demand satisfaction not only for this, but for every other indignity the captain had heaped upon his mother.

"On the 22nd of September, 1848, Captain ———'s fifty crossed over the "Big Mountain," when they had the first glimpse of Salt Lake Valley. It was a beautiful day. Fleecy clouds hung round over the summits of the highest mountains, casting their shadows down the valley beneath, hightening, by contrast, the golden hue of the sun's rays which fell through the openings upon the dry bunchgrass and sage-brush plains, gilding them with fairy brightness, and making the arid desert to seem like an enchanted spot. Every heart rejoiced and with lingering fondness, wistfully gazed from the summit of the mountain upon the western side of the valley revealed to view—the goal of their wearisome journey. The ascent from the east was gradual, but long and fatiguing for the teams. It was in the afternoon, therefore, when they reached the top. The descent to the west was far more precipitous and abrupt. They were obliged to rough-lock the hind wheels of the wagons, and, as they were not needed, the forward cattle were turned loose to be driven to the foot of the mountain or to the camp, the "wheelers" only being retained on the wagons. Desirous of shortening the next day's journey as much as possible—as that was to bring them into the Valley—they drove on till a late hour in the night, over very rough roads

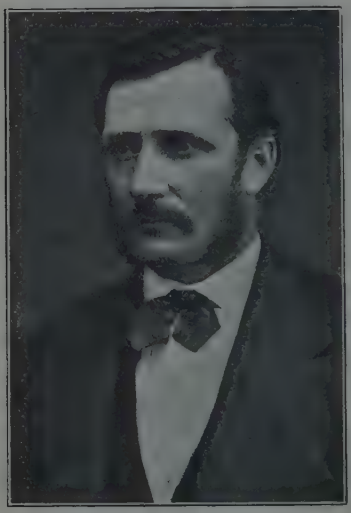
much of the way, and skirted with oak brush and groves of trees. They finally camped near the eastern foot of the "Little Mountain." During this night's drive several of Widow Smith's cows—that had been turned loose from the teams—were lost in the brush. Early next morning John returned on horesback to hunt for them, their service in the teams being necessary to proceed.

"At an earlier hour than usual the captain gave orders for the company to start—knowing well the circumstances of the widow, and that she would be obliged to remain till John returned with the lost cattle—accordingly the company rolled out, leaving her and her family alone.

"It was fortunate that Brother James Lawson was with them, for he knew the road, and if necessary could pilot them down the canyon in the night. Joseph thought of his mother's prediction at Elk Horn, and so did the captain, and he was determined that he would win this point, although he had lost all the others, and prove her predictions false. "I will beat you to the Valley, and ask no help from you either," rang in Joseph's ears; he could not reconcile these words with the possibility, though he knew his mother always told the truth, but how could this come true? Hours to him, seemed like days as they waited, hour after hour for John's return. All this time the company was slowly tugging away up the mountains, lifting at the wheels, geeing and hawing, twisting along a few steps, then blocking the wheels for the cattle to rest and take breath, now doubling a team, and now a crowd rushing to stop a wagon, too heavy for the exhausted team, to prevent its rolling backward down the hill, dragging the cattle along with it. While in this condition, to heighten the distress and balk the teams, a cloud, as it were, burst over their heads, sending down the rain in torrents; as it seldom rains in this country, this threw the company into utter confusion. The cattle refused to pull, would not face the beating storm, and to save the wagons from crashing down the mountain, upsetting, etc., they were obliged to unhitch them, and block all the wheels. While the teamsters sought shelter, the storm drove the cattle before it through the brush and into the ravines, and into every nook they could find, so that when it subsided it was a day's work to find them, and get them together. Mentime Widow Smith's cattle—except those lost—were tied to the wagons, and were safe. In a few moments after the storm, John brought up those which had been lost, and they hitched up, making an early start as they usually did in the mornings, rolled up the mountain, passing the company in their confused situation, and feeling that every tie had been sundered that bound them to the captain, continued on to the Valley, and arrived at "Old Fort," about ten o'clock on the night of the 23rd of September, all well and

thankful. The next morning was the Sabbath, and the whole family went to the bowery to meeting. Presidents Young and Kimball preached.. This was a meeting long to be remembered by those present. That evening Captain ——— and his company arrived, dusty and weary, too late for the excellent meetings and the day of sweet rest enjoyed by the widow and her family. Once more, in silver tones, rang through Joseph's ears, 'Father ———, I will beat you to the Valley, and will ask no help from you either.' "

After arriving in the Valley, Sister Smith at once set about securing a home for her large and dependent family. By diligent exchange and barter, she managed to live through the first winter. She made arrangements to take up a farm in the spring of 1849, about six miles south of the city, in what was then Sugar House Ward. She knew how to organize all her forces, and in the course of two years she had made a comfortable home, and had secured quite a bit of valuable property. This was accomplished with the least possible friction and fuss, only those nearest to her knowing just how she did this remarkable thing, and only those guessing at what a cost to her own life and vitality. Where men were going about seeking charity, and asking for a day's work at the hands of the Church, this indefatigable woman gathered enough to leave her family in comfortable circumstances. She was the soul of thrift and economy, of industry and tireless energy. She worked early and late, and she taught others around her, no matter how small her children might be, the lesson of frugal industry and constant toil. She has many descendants today who have inherited these priceless gifts.



PRES. JOSEPH F. SMITH
As a young man. Taken in Denmark in 1875.

She was not only thrifty and honest in all her dealings with her fellow-men, but she was equally exacting in her relations with the Lord. She was an honest and generous tithe-payer. Her products and her increase were inexorably tithed to their latest iota. Not only did she pay her thithing in kind, but she paid it

also out of the first and finest of her fruitage. The coming of Widow Smith to the old tithing office where now stands the Hotel Utah, with her wagon-load of potatoes or produce, was the signal for a grand scramble among the patrons and clerks of that office. For everybody knew that the very finest potatoes in her pit had been carefully selected out by herself and her sons to bring to the Tithing Office. And certain men who got their living from that office had left standing orders for all of Widow Smith's tithing to be kept for their own consumption. Still, knowing this, for it was told her, this honest and God-fearing woman went quietly on her business and always paid of her very best selected stock into the storehouse of the Lord, regardless of who might profit thereby. She knew she would lose nothing but had everything to gain.

One day, she came up with a particularly inviting load of provisions, and the clerk of the Office said to her,

"Widow Smith, it's a shame for you, a struggling widow with many depending on you for support, to come here with your tithing. Look at so-and-so's sons; they toil not neither do they spin; ride fast ponies and idle away their time, while you help to support them, for their father lives out of this office. You ought to be supported by the Church, instead of paying your hard earnings here."

"Brother ———," she said, sternly, "would you deprive me of my blessing? It is nothing to me what others do, as for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

The strenuous labors of this naturally frail woman, finally had their effect. She came to the city in the early fall of 1852, when she was but 51 years of age, and went to the home of President Heber C. Kimball for a short visit. Here she was taken ill, but exercised her indomitable faith to be healed once more. It was not to be. She lingered in great distress for several weeks, and, finally, on Sept. 21st, 1852, she breathed her last surrounded with her loving friends and her adoring family. Her last expressed wish was to live to rear her little flock, and her only concern seemed to be the welfare of others. She had never considered her own comfort or well-being, but had served her loved ones all her life. And now, her weary hands laid down the heavy burden, while the mighty spirit still cried out for more time in which to strive, to suffer and to serve. What a majesty of going was there. No thought but service, no desire but love.

Mary Fielding Smith was a saint, if ever one lived on this troubled earth. She was a heroine in her own right, and by reason of her greatness of spirit and soul. She was beautiful to look upon. When she and her equally handsome sister, Mercy, came to Kirtland in 1837, trim, straight, dark-haired and dark-eyed, with

delicately blooming cheeks and finely molded, graceful figures, clad in dainty silks of modest grace, they were the observed of all observers. Their refined and stately ways made them a shining mark in Kirtland society. Wherever they went they were spoken of as those "lovely English girls." Refinement, strength, courage, integrity, modesty and infinite sweetness and tenderness, these were the prevailing characteristics of the Fielding sisters. We wish there were more like them today.

Mary Fielding Smith was married late in life, but she has given to this Church and to this country a progeny that has become world-wide in some of its members. She has given to the state descendants of so clean, so honorable, so vigorous and manly a character that their like is scarcely found in all Israel. She has bequeathed to the female descendants her beauty, her slender proportions, her intense activity, her honor, her exquisite courage in moral affairs. Who that has dared to assail even the least of them with a charge of dishonor or incompetency? And when we consider the debt this Church owes her for just that one son of hers—our beloved President Joseph F. Smith—we wonder that motherhood could be made on this earth so glorious. No man, no leader since the "Prophet" and Brigham Young, has been so respected, so loved, so reverenced, and so followed as has her splendid son, our leader of today. President Joseph F. Smith is the first president of the Church who was born under the covenant. If mothers would learn how this great mother in Israel achieved this marvel of motherhood, let them read these simple annals. Observe closely what this mother did, how she wrought, and above all, how she fortified herself to stand the tests of time, widowhood, poverty, loneliness, neglect, vituperation, scorn, and finally death—for she, like her honored husband, sealed her testimony in her dying words to her children. Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

We add to this narrative the names of her two children, and their descendants. We need say little of President Joseph F. Smith, for he is before the people daily, and his life is an open book. Yet few realize how closely he has followed the wise examples and teachings of his great mother. He is prudent, careful, generous to a fault, sympathetic to all helplessness and suffering, wise, modest with the true humility of the spirit, reticent, instant in decision, a lion in courage, and so filled with light that he needs borrow of no man.

The people are not so well acquainted with Martha Ann Harris, the daughter of Mary Fielding Smith. For, like her mother, she is modest, retiring, and gentle. She is frugal and very industrious. Her husband has never "enjoyed good health," and his wife has labored in season and out for the maintenance of her large family. She has sewed buckskin gloves, in the days

long gone, and was an expert at fashioning those elegant appointments for the pioneer dandy. Later, she undertook the nursing of the sick; most of it was done, however, for sweet charity's sake. Then came sewing. And of late years she has been a recognized

Mrs. Martha A. Smith Harris, daughter of Mary Fielding Smith, and her three oldest boys.

authority in the fashioning of temple and burial clothing. She has reared her large family in the fear of the Lord and they have risen up to bless her in the gates. She has had many severe bodily injuries, but by faith—and she is very devout and full of living faith in the ordinances of the gospel—she has been healed time and time again. She has lived in Provo for many years from whence her children have gone out to colonize and build up many other places. But she still lives there, beloved of her family and respected and honored by all who know her.

There has been some question in the ranks of the Reorganites as to the right of succession through the Prophet's or the Patriarch's family. It is a divine truth that no man shall succeed to the priesthood, no matter what his birth or lineage, unless his life and conduct justify and qualify him for that inheritance. But there is a peculiar force and significance in the patriarchal blessing given by Father Joseph Smith to his son Hyrum in Kirtland, Dec. 9, 1834, as quoted in Elder Joseph F. Smith, Jr.'s *Origin of the Reorganized Church*. We read there:

A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING

Given by Patriarch Joseph Smith on the head of his son Hyrum, December 9, 1834, in Kirtland, Ohio:

"I now ask my heavenly Father in the name of Jesus Christ, to bless *thee* with the *same blessing* with which Joseph blessed his son Joseph, for thou art his true descendant, and thy posterity shall be numbered with the house of Ephraim, and with them thou shalt stand up to crown the tribes of Israel, when they come shouting to Zion. * * *

"The Lord will multiply his choice blessings upon thee and thy seed after thee, and thou with them shall have an inheritance in Zion, and they shall possess it from generation to generation, and thy name shall never be blotted out from among the just, for the righteous shall rise up, and also thy children after thee, and say thy memory is just, that thou wert a just man and perfect in thy day."

Mary Fielding Smith was the mother of two children: Joseph Fielding Smith, born 13th November, 1838, at Far West, Caldwell County, Mo.; and of Martha Ann Smith, born 14th May, 1841, at Nauvoo, Hancock county, Ill.

Joseph Fielding Smith m. (firstly) 5th Apr., 1859, Levira A. Smith, dau. of Samuel H. and Levira Clark Smith. She d., and he m. (secondly) 5th May, 1866, Julina Lambson, of Salt Lake City, b. 18th June, 1849, dau. of Alfred and Melissa J. (Bigler) Lambson; m. (thirdly), 1st Mar., 1868, Sarah E. Richards, b. 25th Aug., 1850, dau. of Willard and Sarah (Longstroth) Richards; m. (fourthly), 1st Jan., 1871, Edna Lambson, b. 3rd Mar., 1851, dau. of Alfred B. and Melissa J. B. Lambson; m. (fifthly), 6th Dec., 1883, Alice Kimball, b. 6th Sept., 1858, dau. of Heber C. and Ann (Gheen) Kimball; m. (sixthly), 13th Jan., 1884, Mary T. Schwartz, b. 30th Apr., 1865, dau. of William and Agnes (Taylor) Schwartz.

Issue by 2d m.:

I. Mercy Josephine, b. 14th Aug., 1867; d. 6th June, 1870.
II. Mary Sophronia, b. 7th Oct., 1869; m. Alfred W. Peterson.
III. Donette, b. 17th Sept., 1872; m. Alonzo P. Kesler.
IV. Joseph F., Jr., b. 19 July, 1876; m. first, Louie Shurtliff; second, Ethel Reynolds.
V. David Asael, b. 24th May, 1879; m. Emily Jenkins.
VI. George Carlos, b. 14 Aug., 1881; m. Lillian Emery.
VII. Julina Clarissa, b. 10 Feb., 1884; m. Joseph S. Peery.
VIII. Elias Wesley, b. 21st Apr., 1886; m. Mary Smith.
IX. Emily, b. 11th Sept., 1888.
X. Rachel, b. 11th Dec., 1890; m. Le Roy Taylor.
XI. Edith, b. 3rd Jan., 1894.

President Joseph F. Smith, and family—wives, sons, daughters, sons- and daughters-in-law, and grandchildren. Taken about 1901.

Issue by 3d m.:

I. Sarah Ellen, b. 5th Feb., 1869; d. 11th Feb., 1869.
II. Leonora, b. 30th Jan., 1871; d. 23rd Dec., 1907; m. Joseph Nelson.
III. J. Richards, b. 22d Feb., 1873; unm.
IV. Heber John, b. 3d July, 1876; d. 3d May, 1887.
V. Rhoda Ann, b. 20th July, 1878; d. 6th July, 1879.
VI. Minerva, b. 30th Apr., 1880; m. Matthew Miller.
VII. Alice, b. 27th July, 1882; d. 29 Apr., 1901.
VIII. Willard R., b. 20th Nov., 1884; m. Florence Grant.
IX. Franklin R., b. 12th May, 1888; m. Ella Olson.
X. Jenetta, b. 25th Aug., 1891; unm.
XI. Asenath, b. 29th Dec., 1898; unm.

Issue by 4th m.:

I. Hyrum Mack, b. 21st Mar., 1872; m. Ida Bowman.
II. Alvin F., b. 7th Aug., 1874; m. Amelia Atkins.
III. Alfred Jason, b. 13th Dec., 1876; d. 6th Apr., 1877.
IV. Edna Melissa, b. 6th Oct., 1879; m. John F. Bowman.
V. Albert Jesse, b. 16th Sept., 1881; d. 25th Aug., 1883.
VI. Robert, b. 12th Nov., 1883; d. 4th Feb., 1886.
VII. Emma, b. 21st Aug., 1888; unm.
VIII. Zina, b. 11th Oct., 1890; m. Ambrose Greenwall.
IX. Ruth, b. 21st Dec., 1893; d. 17th Mar., 1898.
X. Martha, b. 12th May, 1897; m. Harold Jenson.

Issue by 5th m.:

I. Lucy Mack, b. 14th Apr., 1890; m. Ralph Carter.
II. Andrew K., b. 6th Jan., 1893.
III. Jesse K., b. 21st May, 1896; m. May Anderson.
IV. Fielding K., b. 9th Apr., 1898.

Issue by 6th m.:

I. John S., b. 20th Aug., 1888; d. Aug., 1889.
II. Calvin S., b. 29th May, 1890.
III. Samuel S., b. 26th Oct., 1892.
IV. James S., b. 13th Nov., 1894.
V. Agnes, b. 3d Nov., 1897.
VI. Silas, b. 3d Jan., 1900.
VII. Royal, b. 21st May, 1906.

His grandchildren are:

GRANDCHILDREN OF JULINA L. SMITH.

Mary Sophronia, married Alfred W. Peterson. They had: Alfred W., Mary, George, Albert W., Joseph, Hyrum.

Donette, married Alonzo P. Kesler. They had: Donette, Marian, Alonzo P., Jr., Henry Imogen, Mack.

Joseph F., Jr., married Louie Shurtliff, by whom he had Josephine and Julina. His wife Louie died in 1908, and he married, second, Ethel Reynolds. Their children are Emily, Naomi, Lois, Joseph F. Smith III.

David Asael md. Emily Jenkins, by whom he has had: David J., Mahala, Asael, Alfred, Edward, Robert, Elmer, Hyrum.

George C. md. Lillian Emery. Their children are: Lillian, Florence, Ina, George Carlos, Jr., Eleanor and Mary.

Ina md. Joseph Strass Peery. Their children are: Joseph Smith and Luacine.

E. Wesley md. Mary H. Smith, by whom he has had Eloise.

Rachel md. Albert LeRoy Taylor. They have a babe named Miriam.

GRANDCHILDREN OF SARAH RICHARDS SMITH.

Leonore (Nonie), said by her father to bear a strong resemblance to her grandmother Mary F. Smith, md. Joseph Nelson; she died in 1907. She had Joseph, George, Alvin, Alice, Franklin, and a pair of still-born twins.

Minerva md. Matthew A. Miller. They have had: Willard, Ellen, Leonora, Joseph, Robenid, Amy and Agnes.

Willard R. md. Florence Grant. They have had: Willard, Florence and Richards.

Frank md. Ella Olson. They have a son, Franklin.

GRANDCHILDREN OF EDNA L. SMITH.

Hyrum M. md. Ida Bowman. He has had: Joseph F., Geraldine, Margaret, and Maxine.

Alvin F. md. Millie Atkins. They have: Ruth, Virginia, Daphne, Grant, Joseph Alvin.

Melissa md. John H. Bowman. They have: Richard, Dorothy, Katherine, and John.

Zina md. Ambrose Greenwell and had one little daughter, Helen. Zina died October 23, 1915.

Martha md. Harold Jenson and has one son, Harold Smith.

GRANDCHILDREN OF ALICE KIMBALL SMITH.

Allie May md. Robert Sant. Their children are: Sarah Robert, Kimball.

Heber Chase md. Lilleth Nelson. Their children are Alice and Ella.

Coulson C. md. Manon Lyman. They have: Marian, Rhoda, Alice, Ruth.

Lucy Mack md. Ralph Carter.

Jesse md. May Anderson.

Thus we see that President Joseph F. Smith has had forty-six children and seventy-four grandchildren. Not one of them born with any mental or physical defect. All are exceptionally bright, keen, industrious, modest, self-reliant, prudent, and above all, exemplary in word and deed. Most of them have the liquid and expressive dark brown eyes of their grandmother, and a number inherit the cameo cut features, with the handsome brows and strong nose bequeathed by both grandparents.

The picture of Mary Fielding Smith is perfect in every detail and is a work of exquisite art. The beautiful face ,the lofty expression of the piercing dark eyes, the finely molded head, with dark hair banded over the spiritual brows, the erect and stately carriage are reproduced by the artist in striking manner. Her descendants may well be proud of such an ancestress. That they are worthy of her is the greatest praise, the most beautiful wreath of honor that can be laid as a tribute upon her earthly tomb.

GENEALOGY OF WILLIAM J. HARRIS AND MARTHA ANN SMITH.

William Jasper Harris, b. October 25, 1836, Geneva, Morgan Co., Ill.; died, April 23, 1909; md. Martha Ann Smith, April 21, 1857, who was born May 14, 1841, Nauvoo, Hancock Co., Ill. Their children were: William Jasper, b. August 4, 1859; Joseph Albert, b. August 19, 1861; Hyrum Smith, b. August 15, 1863; Mary Emily, b. October 23, 1865; Franklin Hill, b. September 11, 1867, all born in Salt Lake City; Lucy Smith, b. March 10, 1870; John Fielding, b. June 28, 1872;Mercy Ann, b. March 20, 1874; Zina Christine, b. May 13, 1876; Martha Artie Misa, b. June 27, 1879; Sarah Lorina, b. Dec. 8, 1882; all born in Provo, Utah.

William Jasper Harris, Jr., md. Jessie Freckleton, Dec. 28, 1882; she was born Sept. 22, 1865, Deseret, Milford, Utah. Their children were: Joseph Fielding, John Earnest, Ruby Leona, Della Jessie, Wilford LeRoy, Emily, Bessie Irene, Ruel Smith, Ada Fern, Viola Myrtle, Alice Vernice, LeGrande.

William J. Harris and Martha A. Smith-Harris with their children.

Joseph Fielding Harris md. Geneveve Sweatfield. Their children were: Grace, Howard, Gilbert.

Ruby Leona Harris md. Parley Checkett. Their children were: Dan, Robert and Willard.

John Earnest Harris md. Ellen ———. Their children were: Larom and Leonard.

Wilford LeRoy Harris md. Margery Sumner, May 14, 1914, at Salt Lake City, Utah.

MY FRIEND.

A hymn of faith, affectionately dedicated to every officer and every member of the grandest organization of women in the world, the Latter-day Saints Woman's Relief Society.

My Friend, I look to thee,
Most kind and true,
To shield and comfort me
Life's journey through.
Darkness and death extend
With wild increase,
And still with thee, my Friend,
Is perfect peace.

I have no power to fill
Life's great design,
Save as I learn thy will
And make it mine.
Help me to understand
Thy faintest call;
Let me but touch thy hand,
I shall not fall.

Sure is thy promise sweet,
To all who hear,
And thou wilt guide my feet,
I have no fear.
So all life's journey through,
Unto the end,
I trust thy love most true,
My faithful Friend.

L. LULA GREENE RICHARDS.

January, 1916.

The Prince of Ur

By Homespun.

"Say you so? Nimrod hath gone to the Pavilion? Then, haste thee, Mardan, bring me my father's wife's royal litter. Nay, Sarai need not know, I must have it if I am to represent this family at the court of Nimrod. And Zillah, thou shalt be my favorite slave. Thy fortunes are made. Gold and slaves of thine own shall be thy reward for all thou hast done for me. Put on my veil, so—about my head—now the royal abaya, and now—"

Off started the litter at last, with the stately princess sitting like a young cedar tree within, her blazing eyes making light even the darkest of the lanes as she directed her slaves to choose the unfrequented ways lest some of her father's servants might be abroad and mistake her for Sarai, and thus give the secret to her family. Off to the Sacred Pavilion, and now it was to the arms of Nimrod, mighty monarch of the earth. To her own wit and her own passionate temper she trusted for the full conquest of the man whom she knew was illy prepared to resist such as she was and could be. Ah, poor Iscah, thy guardian angel hath folded his own abaya about him and left thee sorrowing, as he took his flight to heaven and God.

And the royal litter of the house of Terch went on its secret way.

During these hastening hours, and while Iscah was going to fulfill her vaulting ambitions, other and momentous events were taking place in the palace of Terah. The slow breezes were creeping from the river bank and swaying the date palms which grew in riotous profusion along the shady, rich plains of the surrounding walls of Ur. The harbor was filled with the ships of Ur, Egypt and Uphas, riding in quiet splendor upon the jeweled bosom of the sun-kissed, sheltered sea which carried all the goodly commerce of this inland empire to mingle and exchange its stores of corn and dates for the linens and stuffs, the stone and the timbers, the gold and the jewels, of those higher lands where nature had been more lavish in her primal gifts. This lovely land of Chaldea was the home of the wheat, which produced two hundred fold and even trebled that sum to answer to the husbandman's call for richness and reward. Her forests of date palms embowered the whole country, laden with their delicious golden clusters, and these mingled with the tamarisk, accacias and pomegranates, made the broad face of the land one continuous garden.

The groups of laborers who were going out of the city sang

hymns of Ishtar as they strolled along in the cool of the Sabbath. The tents of the toilers lay huddled under the brick walls of Ur, or within its shelter, as it might be suited to the laborers. For both huts and tents were easily built and rapidly deserted—in times of siege or famine—and as quickly made habitable again if peace permitted. The low bee-hive shaped huts of clay were crowded against the city walls both within and without.

Near the city gates stood a young merchant, his turbaned head and high cheek bones betraying his Damascan descent. But the lofty courage of his countenance and the clear glance of his dark eyes attracted more than common interest. He was watching for some one, but seemed unwilling to allow any chance comer to discern that fact. So he kept his gaze fixed rather on the great platforms of the Ziggurat, which loomed three hundred feet above the high walls of the city at its northern extremity. He watched with deep interest the signs of unusual activity which were manifest even at the great distance—for the white robed priests and the dancing girls were easily distinguished from the crimson and the gowned votaries and neophytes who flitted up and down the interminable stairs.

"Whose bird is unloosed, or whose gold is uncounted, Damascan, that thy thoughts are winged to the heights of Ishtar?"

The speaker was one of a throng of shepherds whose brown tunics showed signs of travel and haste.

"The bird is fast, but the gold is ready," answered the merchant whose upstretched arm had caught and held the gaze of the rude Semitic shepherds.

"Methought thy tongue would match thine eyes. Where is the cage?"

Again the shepherd changed the motion of his upraised arm, but so slyly, so deftly, that none of the other strollers or hurrying city dwellers noted what his motions might portend.

"The bird shall be roasted at midnight upon the spit of the gods unless—"

Again the shepherd leader glared curiously and now eagerly into the eyes of the strange merchant to see if he really knew whereof he spake.

"There be birds and birds," quoth the shepherd.

"But only one eagle," answered the merchant, and before the other could reply he threw up his head and arms toward the Ziggurat and said loudly so that all might hear:

"The God Elkanah demands his yearly sacrifice this night. It shall be a human offering in honor of the Nimrod's visit. Shall you not attend, my comrades, on this majestic ceremony?"

"Who gives up life tonight?" asked a bearded old man who stood leaning on a staff near the inner walls of the huge gateway.

"'Tis the house of Terah which shall lay upon his majesty's gracious altar its tribute of loving devotion."

"And the offerings?"

"Three lovely maidens, daughters of the master's chief idol—fashioner, Azzi-Jaama. They are said to be very beautiful."

"And why upon the coals? Why not upon the sacred pavement?" asked the old man.

"They profess some scruples about their virtue. They prefer the knife and coals to rendering up their bodies to the service of Ishtar."

"What fools they! Do they not know the value and glory of the living sacrifice rather than the nameless extinction of the altar?"

"Small use to talk to women when they once decide," and a shrewd but pitiful smile lit up the features of the Damascan youth who answered the babbling questions of those who gathered about him. He evidently knew something of the inner secrets of the cult and priesthood, and he knew that curiosity was rampant on the banks of ancient Euphrates as in the groves of Eden.

The shepherd leader, meanwhile, stood with his band a few steps removed from the crowd, but his ears were very wide to detach the information which he shrewdly guessed was far more directed to him than to the babblers by the city wall.

"And is that all? The three daughters of Azzi-Jaama?"

"Nay, the little suckling babe of that same household, Zillah's son, goes with her mother's blessing."

"The breast of the offspring for the breast of the mother she shall give," quoted the old man solemnly. "It is a part of our divine worship. And who can withhold when the great god Nimrod—Merodach—is within the walls?" The old man was so evidently sincere that the merchant looked at him in surprise.

"And art thou a convert to this fashionable doctrine of human propitiation, my father?" asked the Damascan.

"I bow to the Divine Will. Nimrod hath handed down the lesson of our great Father Noah, and he hath taught us that in sacrificing we shall be blessed. Ife we desire to be preserved, then we must offer on the sacrificial altar the very thing which most we love. And what so dear as our first-born?"

"But this is a perversion of the ancient doctrine of the Divine Sacrifice."

"Nay, thou canst not talk against the god of Ur, the great Merodach, and Ishtar his queen—whose very human presence is now within our walls—out upon the stranger—push him out—"

A small hubub arose, as the old man began to hustle the merchant by the aid of a dozen willing brawlers.

"Stay thou, friend, and lift the ensign in my place—" whispered Eliezer to the shepherd leader, as he felt his cloak plucked

from behind; without much trouble the Damascan had squirmed from under the cloak, leaving it in the hands of his pursuers, and he flew up the stairs beyond the gates before his pursuers could reach the outer wall.

The Hebrew shepherd said nothing as the old man whined garrulously,

"A scurvy fellow, and a vile Turanian," and as he spoke, the old man spat upon the ground.

"Art not thou Turanian thyself?" asked the shepherd leader, who stood with his followers a little apart from the masses of people going in and coming out the huge gateway of the city.

The old man looked shrewdly, yet with some fear, into the bronzed face of his questioner; but what he saw in the fierce, untamed, blue eyes of the desert chieftain must have quelled the answer he fain would have made; and so with a rude gesture, he plucked his rags about him and shambled away, leaving the crowd to laugh and mock as they would at his discomforture.

Presently there rode out of the plains and up to the gate another large group of shepherds, their wild locks falling out from under the encircling kerchiefs, or coifs, their huge bodies erect as arrows, clothed only in the rough tunic of the plain-rangers.

"Whose bird is unloosed, and whose gold is uncounted—" asked the new comer, as he rode swiftly up to the party of similar plainsmen lolling on the ground without the walls.

Up went the arm of the first shepherd, and with a quiet tone he replied:

"The bird is fast, but the gold is ready."

There was small need of further talk between these companion warriors and sheiks, but the other asked, as had done his predecessor:

"Where is the cage?"

The first answered as if it were irrelevantly:

"The god Elkanah drinks the human cup of sacrifice this night in honor of the god himself who lies in state within these honored walls."

"Nimrod here?" shot out the quick question from the momentarily unguarded lips of the second sheik.

"Our great Merodach hath lent the luster of his countenance to Ur this night of nights within the year. To grace his own bright festival he comes to light the torch upon the altar of the votive sacrifice."

The second chieftian laid his hand first on his eyes and then upon his breast and said in reverent tones:

"There is but one God in heaven or earth and Him shall we worship both by night and day."

The tone was so reverentlial, the action of the fierce sheik so

quiet and subdued that those who stood near to listen from that common vice of curiosity but thought the more of him and laid his solemn tones to rest upon their minds as meaning loyalty to Merodach and Elkanah.

The second chief took up his station in the outer walls of the huge gate, and the first party then passed on within the gates and up the many stairs with swift and light steps, leaving their newly arrived brothers to meet and give the greeting to those who should perchance come after.

As the first party of shepherds gained the upper landing of the city's terraced streets, they lost themselves quickly and separately in the crowds which were all hurrying towards the temple grounds. Just as the leader turned a swift corner he saw in the distance the king's son coming toward him with light step and perfumed dazzling locks of brown-gold flung wide over his white tunic, just alighting from the steps of a chariot before a walled palace.

"Whose bird is unloosed, my friend, that we find you within the city walls on this our first harvest gathering day? Why art thou not drinking wine and offering cakes to other shepherds and husbandmen on this our yearly festal day?"

"The bird is caged," said the shiek, a little uncertainly in his beard. He was not without suspicion of his master's foster son, but answer he must, when the challenge rang out from one of Prince Terah's household.

"Well, what then? Do not gods require some fowls as well as carrion for their food? What can compare with the neck of the first-born as votive offering on Elkanah's shrine?"

"We shall observe the great and mighty testimonial of my master Terah's known fidelity," answered the wily chief, now fully aware of his dangerous position.

His proud master looked long and coldly into the fierce eyes of the desert-dweller, but even a prince may not denounce a shiek without some warrant. The pop-eyed prince, with his light brown hair a bit more ruffled through his nervous finger strokings, lifted up his swollen lids and with an insolent smile upon his sensuous face he said coldly:

"The Prince of the House of Ur may not be altogether pleased to find unbidden guests within his walls."

"He shall not have cause to make me unwelcome. I come to add my voice of praise to those of city-dwellers on this most auspicious occasion."

The challenge had been flung back. But Mardan was not satisfied. Leaving the shepherd to pursue his way, the prince quickly turned toward the city gates, and taking up his station near the upper stairs, he managed to amuse himself with now watching the motley crowds hurrying to be within the Ziggurat

before the day was old, or with a moment's ogling of some pretty brown or black maiden as she crossed his path.

His patience was rewarded. He was ready to greet the second sheikh as he and his party reached the upper steps.

"Whose bird is unloosed, my friend, that you are within the city walls this night?" asked Mardan of his second victim.

Again the second shepherd of the plains looked coldly into the leering eyes of his master's foster son, ere he would answer this second challenge; then, with some gruffness, he replied:

"May I not worship Merodach and Elkanah, as does my master?"

The evasive answer but set the ready wits of Mardan to work more rapidly. Was it some rescuing party? But how? Who would go from his father's palace to raise the suspicions of these rude soldier-shepherds? Not Lot—although he was the only one from whom Mardan could expect such treachery to Nimrod and his host. Father Terah? He was attending upon the person of the king that very hour—for Mardan had greeted him at the head of his own division of soldiers, standing at guard just within the audience chamber of the king. Who then?

Mardan had seen enough to rouse the suspicions of the cunning brain. There must be some plot to rescue the three Cushite maidens from the glorious sacrifice of the coming midnight, or to protect Abram from a possible similar fate. Well, if so, there was not a moment to lose. With fleet foot, he scudded along the narrow highways, and cut across the gardens of the city and through devious side streets, to warn his master and king.

"The head of the first-born for the head of the father he shall give," was to be conveniently passed on to the man whom Mardan hated as all wicked men hate their opposites. Abram was everything that Mardan was not; handsome, as one preferred the cedar of Lebannon with its powerful limbs and clear branches to the facile delicacy of the willow. Abram was of such commanding personality and genius, such majesty of presence, such graciousness of charm, and magnetic personality that men worshiped him with unquenchable fervor, as some Pagans adored the sun; helpless women and tender childhood fled to his arms without invitation. Oh, it was unbearable to Mardan to see the wealth of devotion and loyalty that Abram could attract to himself without the least effort, while he was unable to claim one tithe of Abram's following even by dint of gifts, of carefully studied words, by tactful flattery, or by the promise of favors uncounted. No wonder then, that Mardan was resolved that this sacrifice, which he himself had plotted for these many months, should now go boldly forward. With flying steps he sought the presence of the King.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Relief Society School of Obstetrics and Nursing.

Alice Merrill Horne.

The Relief Society School of Obstetrics and Nursing, conducted under the direction of the General Board of Relief Society in the Lecture Rooms of the Bishop's Building, is pursuing a successful school year under the instruction of Dr. Margaret C. Roberts. The class consists of 24 very intelligent young women who are deeply interested in obstetrics and nursing.

Course D.—The class in Invalid Cooking, conducted this year in the Kitchen Laboratory of the L. D. S. High School has just closed, under the efficient teacher, Miss Agren. During the remainder of the school year, Course C will be given. This consists of lectures on Public Health and Prevention and Treatment of Diseases by eminent physicians, surgeons, and specialists, and teachers of the State.

The following lectures are announced:

Prevention of Diseases in Obstetrics.

Care of the Nose and Throat.

Ordinary Infections of the Eye.

How the Body Overcomes Infection.

Two lectures on Physical Characteristics of the Infant.

Typhoid Fever.

Surgical Nursing.

The Care of the Nurse in Relation to Surgical Nursing and Infection.

Obstetrics.

Kidney Trouble during Pregnancy.

Quarantine and Contagious Diseases.

Venereal Diseases with Stained Cultures and Microscope.

Dentistry.

a. Anatomy of the Teeth.
b. Diagnosis and Prognosis of Dental Carigs (diseases of the teeth).
c. Relation of Nerves to Dentists.

Emergencies.

Care of the New-born Babe.

Infant Feeding.

a. Ideal Method of Feeding.
b. Wet Nursing.
c. Mixed Feeding.
d. Artificial Feeding.
e. Feeding during Second and Third Year.

Practical Hints to Midwives and Nurses.

a. Inexpensive and Easy Preparation for Maternity Cases in Rural Districts.

b. Simple Means of Sterilizing Necessary Equipment.

Dentistry.

Stories for the Sick-room.

Obstetrics and General Nursing.

The General Committee of the Relief Society School of Obstetrics and Nursing work are: Priscilla P. Jennings, chairman; Alice Merrill Horne, vice-chairman; Julia P. M. Farnsworth, Phoebe Y. Beatie, Carrie S. Thomas, Elizabeth S. Wilcox, Ida Smoot Dusenberry, Elizabeth C. Crismon, Dr. Romania B. Penrose, Emily S. Richards, and Amy Brown Lyman.

The General Superintendent of graduate nurses is Emma A. Empey.

Mother's Prenatal Influence. There is a great deal of talk concerning prenatal influence, and how a mother can make of her child what she will. That clearly is the Lord's business. Let us trust him to do that perfectly, and take upon ourselves simpler duties. We do not know what we want our child to be, except to help him to make of himself what God intended, for he gives unto each a perfect gift. That gift we shall be pretty sure of discovering if we are daily watchful, as it is our duty to be watchful, of our child. Our part as mothers is to seek to be wise, cleanly, serene, observant of the beauty in what God has made around us, industrious without over-working our strength or the strength of an unborn babe, active physically, always providing for ourselves and our family well-cooked and nourishing food, served very regularly. Nothing will tend more toward good health in a home than that the members establish the habit of answering immediately nature's calls.

The bladder should be emptied at least three times daily. Constipation provokes more women's diseases than any other one cause. Attack the first sign of constipation with all your intelligence, providing foods that will overcome that tendency.

Home Science Department.

Janette A. Hyde.

The work inaugurated in this phase of our Relief Society Extension Course has already taken a firm place in the minds and thoughts of our officers and members. We would suggest that no undue emphasis be placed on this study, nor indeed, on any other department or activity of this great and growing Society. Each department in our work should receive its just and righteous share of attention and thought—that much, and no more. It may be necessary at times—especially when beginning a certain phase of effort—to focus our thought and attention thereon, until it is fairly started and in running order. Once firmly adjusted, however, we, as wise women, will again bring forward in equal division of time and attention all the other phases of our work.

This department is a new feature of our Relief Society work, but the ground it covers is not at all new to the state or the Church schools. The Agricultural College of Logan inaugurated this movement in the early nineties, while the Brigham Young University at Provo introduced a Domestic Art Department in 1879, and a Domestic Science Department in 1896; and later the University of Utah established the same course.

The Extension Department of the Agricultural College has established many clubs throughout the state for domestic science and art. Invite the members of such clubs to join with you in your work. Urge our women to leave all other clubs and movements and join our Relief Society work. *All* women are eligible and welcome. Do not seek to tear down the house built up by any man, but build your own so spaciously and beautifully that the man will be glad to leave his own poorer house and come and dwell in comfort with you.

The series of conventions to be held under the joint auspices of the Relief Society and the Agricultural College were inaugurated by a Salt Lake City convention, to which delegates from the city and county stakes were invited. The convention opened on Friday morning, January 21, in the Assembly Room of the Bishop's Building. Mrs. Janette A. Hyde was in charge, assisted by Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman and Miss Sarah Eddington, the members of the general standing committee of Home Economics. Other Board members present were Mrs. Susa Young Gates, Mrs. Emily S. Richards, Mrs. Emma A. Empey, and Miss Sarah McLelland.

The representative sent by Dr. E. G. Peterson, head of the Extension work of the Agricultural College, was Mrs. Leah D.

Widtsoe, who gave the lessons and conducted the discussions. It was fitting that this lady open the pioneer convention for the Relief Society for she is the first graduated Domestic Scientist in the west. She attended Pratt Institute in 1896, took a special course under Miss Emily Huntington in kitchen gardening, and came out with high honors in her class in both science and art, from that pioneer Institute. Mrs. Widtsoe is a recognized authority all over the United States in her line, was one of the founders of the Farm Women's Congress, and an official for two terms. Her writings on these subjects are sought by leading periodicals, and only her home duties and her other heavy burdens prevent her from being a constant writer for the press. Her pamphlet on "Conveniences on the Farm," published by the government, is sought for everywhere, but is now out of print. Mrs. Widtsoe prepared the outlines for this course in the Relief Society, which were published in the January MAGAZINE.

The attendance at the convention was excellent, nearly every seat being occupied, while the interest was deep and constant. The first three lessons of our course were taken up, while some general instructions were given on teaching and on the course itself. Two lessons were all that could be given, but a general request for another similar convention in March was warmly expressed.

We are happy to announce that a great general convention in this department will be held under the auspices of the General Board at the April Conference, dates to be announced later. We hope to see delegates from all our stakes, and we will have expert instructors sent from the Agricultural College to give the lessons, and to lead the discussions. We know this will be good news to all our friends and members, and we suggest that you look about for suitable delegates and plan accordingly. The work of the Lord, and of that branch thereof, known as the Relief Society, moves forward at a rapid pace. Let us keep step with the onward march.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

During peach season, collect the peach stones, dry and crack them, using the nuts for candy and flavoring of cakes, etc., instead of bitter almonds.

Paraffin oil, which can be purchased at any drug store for about twenty-five cents per quart, is excellent for water-proofing kitchen floors. It is applied cold, with a soft rag, dries instantly, and so is easily removed. It has been used very successfully on old kitchen floors, which had originally been painted, and from which most of the paint had been removed by wear. The oil works better on new floors. A quart of oil is sufficient for a medium sized kitchen.

Notes from the Field.

By the General Secretary, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman.

Secretaries. The secretaries of the Relief Society have been very busy during the last six weeks, collecting data and compiling reports. There is no doubt but that the reports this year will be more complete and correct than ever before. This yearly labor, which is so arduous, will be greatly simplified in the future, as provision has been made for a better classification and a simpler method of reporting information. Meanwhile, we desire to congratulate all of the 845 ward secretaries, and the 72 stake secretaries on the painstaking efforts they have put forth in this special labor, and to thank them one and all for the sweet patience they have manifested throughout. We wish also to assure them that though the work has been long and tiresome, it is really educational and helpful to them in the end. Any task that requires concentration, study, and unusual effort, is invigorating and worth while.

The General Secretary takes this means of thanking the stake secretaries for the interest and sympathy they have expressed in her behalf, because, as they state, they appreciate what it must mean to compile the final report. Words of appreciation and good cheer go a long way toward lightening work.

Southern States. Mrs. Grace E. Callis, President of the Relief Society in the Southern States Mission, reports 14 branches of the organization in the south located and presided over as follows: Cincinnati, Ohio, lady missionaries; Dayton, Ohio, Martha Minke, President; Darbun, Miss., Julia Ball, President; Quiteman, Miss., Lydia Waltman; Atlanta, Ga., lady missionaries; Buchanan, ——., Lizzie Brannon, President; Jacksonville, Fla., Florence Harvin, President; Memphis, Tenn., Katherine Alexander, President; Chattanooga, Tenn., Fannie Snodgrass, President; Mt. Airy, North Carolina, Sarah M. Chappell; Gilreath, North Carolina, Ary K. Ball; Columbia, South Carolina, Bertha Easler, President; Greenville, South Carolina, Susan Crosby, President; Gaffney, South Carolina, Lizzie Westmoorland, President. Nine of these societies have been organized since last August, and the members universally express themselves as being greatly benefited by the work and study they have taken up. In several of the churches, the Relief Societies have placed individual sacrament sets, and the Greenville Society is raising money to seat the new church, now nearing completion. The conference house in Jacksonville has been partly furnished by the Relief Society, and the Columbia,

South Carolina, organization, which consists of only 12 members, recently purchased an invalid chair for an afflicted male member of the branch.

Scandinavian Relief Society. It may not be known generally that in Brigham City, there is a Scandinavian branch of the Relief Society, which was organized in the year of 1880, by permission of Lorenzo Snow. The purpose of the organization was to provide a means whereby Scandinavian members of the Relief Society, who could not speak English, might come together and conduct meetings in their native tongue. Aside from the regular Relief Society donations, this Society established early in its existence an Emigration Loan Fund, which has been taken advantage of by 64 immigrants. There are at present in this Society 32 members.

Glasgow, Scotland. In a message from over the sea, we learn something of the activities of the women in the war-stricken countries of Europe. Mrs. Isabella M. Blake, president of the Glasgow Relief Society, writes that it is indeed "a time when men must work, while women weep." She says conditions existing in Great Britain have furnished a real opportunity for the Relief Society to do work that is characteristic of the spirit of the organization. During the last year, the societies joined with the various churches in providing clothing and comforts for the soldiers and sailors, and in comforting those who are bereft. All the spare time of the women has been spent in this good work. Even the little children assisted by making small articles, such as mittens and wristlets. During the silent work, many prayers have been breathed for those dear ones at the front, and hopes have gone forth that the terrible conflict of nations would soon cease. The names and addresses of the workers were attached to the various articles sent, and messages of sympathy and good cheer were added. In many instances, touching replies have come back from the grateful soldiers at the front.

Farmers' and Housekeepers' Convention at Pocatello. The General Board of the Relief Society recently received a letter from Professor Melvin C. Merrill of the Idaho Technical Institute, of Pocatello, Idaho, informing them that this Institute would hold a Farmers' Convention during the week from January 31st to February 4th. The letter contained a cordial invitation to the Relief Societies of the Idaho stakes to be in attendanec. A letter was sent out immediately to those stakes in the vicinity of Pocatello, informing them of this kindly courtesy, and recommending that as far as possible, our members attend the Institute.

Nurse School. The students of the Relief Society School of Obstetrics, Nursing and Public Health, visited the Salt Lake City Health Department in a body last week. They were very cordially received by Dr. Paul and his assistants, and were shown every consideraion., The students were especially interested in the emergency work of the Department, and carried away with them vivid impessions of this very interesting and important phase of the work. Many useful and instructive bulletins were given to the class, on subjects relating to Public Health and Sanitation.

Juarez, Mexico. Mrs. Lillie Romney, of Juarez, Mexico, in a letter to the General Board, expresses appreciation for the RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE sent to the Society, and for the splendid lessons outlined therein. She states that things in Mexico are in a very unsettled condition, that the old money is practically valueless, being worth only 33 cents on the dollar. The members of the Society, however, find ways and means of extending charity to those in need. Gifts of flour, potatoes, butter, cheese, second-hand quilts, second-hand wearing apparel, including clothing for babies, are continually being made to the native Mexican women, who are sorely in need. The few members of the Relief Society in the Colony have of late spared from their own supply of bedding 32 quilts and several pairs of blankets to the suffering soldiers.

Mesa, Arizona. Following is an extract of a letter from one of our members in Mesa, Arizona: "I take this opportunity to let you know how much I appreciate the RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE, especially the January number. It alone is worth the price for the whole volume. I am especially pleased with the article on 'Mental Hygiene for the Woman Past Fifty,' 'The Bride's Mother,' and 'Ma's New Year Resolution.'"

Teachers' Books. A great many orders for Relief Society teachers' books have recently come into the office. We are wondering if it is thoroughly understood that it is necessary to have only one teachers' book for each teachers' district. We have learned that in some instances wards called for more books than they have districts, and that as a result, other wards have had to re-order. In October, we asked that the stake presidents report the exact number of teachers' districts in their various stakes, which they very promptly did; and it was upon this basis that we ordered the teachers' books. An additional number were ordered to provide for the normal growth of the Society, and we are pleased to be able to supply the growing needs, but we desire to have it understood that only one book is necessary for each district.

Current Topics.

By James H. Anderson.

CONGRESS has done little thus far in the present session other than to prepare campaign literature for the coming presidential election.

"WATCHFUL WAITING" as a policy toward Mexico seems to have about run its course, and necessity is making for some definite form of action.

THE EUROPEAN WAR progresses steadily toward the great battlefield in Asia Minor and the Balkans, where doubtless the crucial point will be reached.

ABUNDANCE OF SNOW this winter has caused some damage by floods and washouts as the snow melts, but the good that is promised by plenty of water for irrigation exceeds greatly the loss sustained.

BARGAIN SALES during the new year holidays of 1916 were placed under a ban in Germany, by imperial decree. Let it not be said to the women folks that the war has caused no noticeable effect in Berlin.

WHEAT is likely to soar in price to a higher figure in 1916 than has been known in the United States in half a century, the European war demands being the chief factor in producing that condition of the market.

"MORMON" COLONISTS in Mexico have the choice of leaving or staying there, but it is clear that the spirit of the advice from President Joseph F. Smith is that they would be better off in this country for some time to come.

THE TEUTONS AND TURKS are said to be contemplating a campaign to seize Egypt and the Suez canal. It would appear that for such a scheme it is about as long a way from Constantinople to Cairo as to Tipperary.

HENRY FORD'S peace party which proposed to settle the European quarrel seems to have developed more discord than concord. The Good Book says something about removing the mote from one's own eye before going after the beam in another's.

RABIES is said to be threatening dogs and flocks in Utah because of its prevalence among coyotes in Nevada, whence many sheep cross the line into this state. Whether it be for rabies or anything else, the elimination of the coyote is a desirable end.

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON has turned from his former policy of no fighting to one of getting ready to fight anybody; while his former secretary of state Wm. J. Bryan is waging a contest to keep on the old lines. This is a set-to in which a very large portion of the American people will be genuine neutrals.

A CHICKEN THIEF in Salt Lake City was captured recently, after being shot twice by Mrs. Lulu Bradley, and wounded so he could not escape. Mrs. Bradley detected the thief robbing her henroost. She can feel that after this exploit her chicken house will be reasonably safe from marauders, who do not love such receptions.

FILIPINO control of the Philippine Islands in two years from now, is proposed by Congress. Since the Filipinos are far behind the Mexicans in civilization, it would not seem to be a great distance to the loss of Filipino independence when within their own control, and the installation of some other nation's sovereignty, if that brief period of limitation is adhered to.

CONSCRIPTION has been adopted in Great Britain, so far as concerns unmarried men who are fit food for powder and ball. It has taken eighteen months of war and millions of lives and treasure to convince the British people of the terrible menace which the Teutonic system of militarism inculcates toward democratic peoples, but the issue now seems squarely joined for a fight to the finish.

PROHIBITION of the liquor traffic has gone into effect in states adjoining Utah, so far as law enactment is concerned, and varied and numerous are the devices and schemes adopted to evade it. The present seems a good opportunity for the respectable element of all classes in Utah to get together, and with the information of the practical workings of existing conditions at hand, provide for Utah a real temperance measure that will effectively rid this state of the curse of strong drink and its attendant evils, whether in the open saloon or the covered dive.

Query Box.

Hazel Love Dunford.

I should like to know why I can never make a successful sponge cake. My eggs are fresh and I follow the directions carefully.—A READER.

Unless I knew your recipe, I could not give all the information. If I knew your recipe I could better say just what your trouble is. If you are using too much sugar the crust will be hard and sugary and your cake coarse grained. If you are not careful in combining mixtures and if you beat more than necessary, good results will not be obtained.

A good recipe for sponge cake is:

Whites of 6 eggs. 1 C. sugar.
Yolks of 6 eggs. 1 C. flour.
½ lemon, juice and rind, or ¼ T. cream of tartar.

Beat yolks until creamy and add sugar and continue to beat; add lemon juice; whisk whites until stiff. Combine mixtures by folding in whites and carefully fold in the flour. Bake one hour in a slow oven.

Can you tell me how to wash colored embroidery so there will be no danger of the color running?—Miss A. B., Richfield, Utah.

To wash pieces of colored embroidery so that there will be less danger of colors running, put a tablespoon of powdered alum in the water and use only the purest white soap to make light lather, but do not apply it directly to the silk. If the lather is of good make, it will come out bright and clear, with no fading or injury whatever, but when the color runs or blurs in the ground material, the alum will usually make the washing safe. A tablespoon of salt is also good for setting most bright colors and in any case tends to brighten and clear the color with no harm to the fabric.

DEAR EDITOR: My child has lost her appetite, with apparently no cause. She seems well, but just does not want to eat. Can you suggest a remedy?—MRS. A. V. J., Manti, Utah.

This is often the result of a long period of over-feeding or the use of milk too rich in fat. If in all other respects the child seems well and simply does not want her food, give the food at regular hours. Never in between periods. On no account coax a child to eat, much less force her. No greater mistake can be made. Weaken the food given and lengthen the intervals.

What points should guide one in selecting toys and playthings for an infant?—MOTHER.

The instinct in a baby to put everything in its mouth is so strong that one should be very careful not to give things that cannot be safely treated in this way. Hence, things that can be washed easily and things that are not sharp and that have no loose parts that might be swallowed should be chosen.

Please give through the RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE, a recipe for carrot pudding.—MRS. G. R. D., Salt Lake.

Carrot Pudding.

1 C. suet creamed well; add 2¾ C. stale bread crumbs, 1 C. grated carrot.

Beat yolks of 4 eggs, add gradually 1⅓ C. brown sugar. Combine mixtures. Add grated rind of 1 lemon and 1 tb. vinegar. Mix 1 C. raisins, cut fine; ¾ C. carrots dredged with ⅓ C. flour, ½ T. salt, 1 T. cinnamon, ¼ T. nutmeg, ¼ T. cloves, whites of 4 eggs beaten stiff. Steam 3 hours in buttered mold.

When the Relief Society arrange excursions, they will always invite the bishops, stake presidents, Genealogical Society representatives and priesthood generally to assist and accompany them. It would be much better for the priesthood to arrange the excursion and invite the sisters to accompany them; but we can only suggest and hope for this better way. Meanwhile the sisters can certainly plan for their own work, remembering the motto of the General Genealogical Committee of the Relief Society: "Provoke the brethren to good works, but don't provoke the brethren while doing so."

The Quest.

Maud Baggarly.

God in His love gave His only Son,
To teach us if ideals are won.
That e'en tho' hearts break
Must our dearest and best
Be nailed to the cross
E'er the end of the quest!

EDITORIAL

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Motto—Charity Never Faileth.

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Editor ..... Susa Young Gates
Business Manager ..... Janette A. Hyde
Assistant Manager ..... Amy Brown Lyman
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A TESTIMONY OF THE TRUTH OF THE GOSPEL.

What is a Testimony?

The books written by the friends and followers of the Savior are called "The New Testament." In law, a man testifies to a certain fact, and he is spoken of in legal parlance as a "testator." When the Church was first organized, men and women arose in their prayer meetings, and "testified" to the truth of the things taught by the Book of Mormon, and by the Prophet Joseph Smith. This solemn "testifying" finally became crystallized in our religious phraseology into a "testimony" of the truth. Testimonies sometimes came by dreams, visions, by the simple preaching of the word, by healings of the sick, and in divers ways. But usually we conceive the testimony of the truth as being that "still small voice" which can never deceive, and which pierces the very marrow, making us to know that this work is true better than we know any visible thing in this world.

The "Mormon" Conception of A Testimony.

The world knows nothing of this. They sometimes speak of "a change of heart" or of "getting religion," or of "being saved." But the burning testimony, the spiritual conviction, which Peter confessed and which belongs of right to every baptized soul in this Church is an unknown mystery to those outside this Church. How is

that "testimony" obtained? In one way only, and that is through prayer.

A Testimony Lost.

After one has obtained this pure testimony, can it be lost? O yes, yes. No matter how long it may have been in your possession, no matter how many miracles may have been performed through its agency, no matter how powerful you were under its influence nor how happy, no matter who you are and who were your parents. It is a living thing and subject to the laws of life, growth, development, and progress as well of change, decay, death and dissolution. How can it be lost? In precisely the opposite manner in which it was obtained.

Who has this Testimony?

Who should possess this testimony? Will you not answer by saying that every person who has reached the years of reason should and must eventually acquire that living, burning testimony of the truth of this gospel. It is not enough to think it is so, to hope it is true, to merely believe that it is of God. We must know, not for another but for ourselves. It must be a very part of our being, greater than honor or fame, more vital than life, dearer than kindred and home. If we have not this testimony now, we should be striving constantly here and hereafter, till we do get it. Else are we subject to the changing winds of doctrine—blown by theories, blinded by our carnal desires and ambitions, on the trembling verge of forgetfulness, and that change which begins with indifference and neglect, and ends with apostasy and despair.

The women of the Relief Society are this month celebrating the organization of this great and wondrous Society, by the Prophet Joseph Smith. They are reading the minutes of the organization. They are peering into the past for every ray of historic light. They are presenting programs of music and speeches. The soft rustle of well-gowned women will mingle with the subdued conversation of our modern and up-to-date gatherings. Dainties will be served by delicately clad young girls, daughters of worthy women and grand-daughters of heroines. But if any one of the lovely and gracious women who come together on our Annual Day think that the lessons we study, the means we acquire, the reports that can be made, the refinement and culture that may be in evidence, will compensate any one of them for the lack of a testimony of the truth—how deceived they will be. No matter what other works we may do in this Society, let not the pure and sacred testimonies of the sisters be neglected. President Wells is constantly troubled lest our many other strenuous labors and duties shall rob us of this priceless jewel, this pearl without price, which is more precious than life itself—the testimony that this is the Church

and Kingdom of God; that Jesus is the Son of the very Eternal Father, and that the Prophet Joseph Smith was the instrument through whom the gospel was again revealed to the earth. After bringing forth the Book of Mormon, establishing the Church with all its power and priesthoods, gifts and blessings, he sealed his testimony with his blood in Carthage jail. With this, we are safe, without it we are lost. Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.

OUR DELEGATES IN WASHINGTON.

At the Triennial session of the National Council of Women, held in Washington, D. C., on the 12th of January, that body admitted to its membership the Federation of Women's Clubs, the Daughters of the American Revolution, two powerful College Alemunae, besides a dozen other national bodies of women, thus increasing the membership of the Council to two million women. Our Relief Society, which is a charter member of this Council was represented by Counselor Clarissa S. Williams, Mrs. Elizabeth C. McCune, and Mrs. Mary M. Howells. The Y. L. M. I. A., was represented by Pres. Martha H. Tingey and Mrs. Rose W. Bennet. Mrs. Williams was honored by being asked to introduce the incoming officers, and placed on the nominating committee and on the credential committee. In making a report of our work, she followed a lady who spoke of the great age of her society—organized in 1880. Mrs. Williams referred in glowing terms to the fact that this Society was brought into existence through revelation by the Prophet Joseph Smith in 1842, in Nauvoo. And that every principle of intelligence and power now in operation in women's society throughout the world was introduced and promulgated under his divine inspiration as the foundation of this greatest and oldest of organizations. She was listened to in breathless silence, and was congratulated many times afterwards. She told them of our neighborhood nursing, and School of Obstetrics, of our extension courses of study, our system of gathering and distributing charity which is without question the most efficient in the world. We are very proud of our Society and proud of such able representatives as were present in Washington.

The new President of the National Council of Women is Mrs. Phillip Moore of St. Louis; the three Vice-Presidents are, Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Mrs. Joseph Mumford and Mrs. Katherine Harris. Mrs. Roger Bacon, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Harry L. Keefe, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, Treasurer; the Auditors are Mrs. Emma E. Bower, and Mrs. Carrie A. Bahrenberg.

Guide Lessons.

LESSON I.

Theology and Testimony.

FIRST WEEK, APRIL, 1916.

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

LEAH AND RACHEL.

(Read Genesis, Chapters 28-37.)

Leah and Rachel were sisters, Leah being the elder. They were daughters of Laban who was the brother of Rebecca, Jacob's mother. They were therefore cousins to Jacob. The sympathy of Bible readers, as a rule, goes out to Rachel, the "beautiful and well favored," instead of to Leah, whose "eyes were tender."

We see nothing of these women till the arrival of Jacob, who came to Haran partly to flee from the natural wrath of his brother Esau on the score of the transferred blessing, and partly to obtain for himself a wife from the "seed of Abraham." When Jacob reached the vicinity of Haran three flocks of sheep were waiting at the well to be watered. As Jacob was pressing his enquiries of the shepherds respecting his uncle Laban, who should come up but Rachel with her flock to be watered? "Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." Removing with his own strong hand the great stone over the mouth of the well, he gave drink to his cousin's sheep, while she ran to her father to tell him of Jacob's arrival.

At the expiration of a month's stay with Laban, during which he probably worked for his uncle, Jacob proposed to serve seven years for the hand of Rachel. This was agreed upon. And the time seemed to the lover "but a few days, for the love he had to her," says the picturesque and suggestive narrative. When however "the days were fulfilled" and Jacob was to receive his bride after the prevailing custom, the crafty Laban brought into Jacob's room, not the young woman he had worked for all these years, but the elder sister Leah. Jacob, though, did not discover the deception till it was too late, and the father-in-law made the hypocritical explanation that "it is not so done in our place to give the younger before the firstborn. Fulfill the week of this one, and we will give the other also for the service which thou shalt serve with me yet seven other years." Jacob did this, and in the end

he won—or rather earned—Rachel. And he loved her "more than Leah." It would seem that both women were sensitive on this point of their having been bargained off by the mercenary Laban, for years afterward they asked bitterly, "Are we not counted strangers? for he hath sold us."

It is interesting, in these days when it is unfashionable to have large families, to follow the race of these two women for the favor of their spouse through child-bearing. Leah bore Jacob four children in rapid succession, before Rachel had even one. Then she "left bearing." Rachel "envied her sister." She said to Jacob, "Give me children, or else I die!" Jacob's answer was as petulant as his favorite wife's, "Am I in the stead of God?" So Rachel gave him her maid Bilhah. Bilhah bore two sons to her mistress one after the other. Leah, not to be outdone by her sister, gave Jacob her handmaid Zilpah, who bore two sons. Leah bore two more sons in succession, and Rachel two. This interesting rivalry is stamped in the very names of the fruit of it. Reuben was given this name by Leah "because now my husband will love me;" Naphtali for the reason that Rachel had "mighty wrestlings" with her sister; Issachar means "hire," in evident allusion to the bargain over the mandrakes; and Zebulun signifies "dwell," referring to Leah's hope on the birth of her sixth son that "now my husband will dwell with me."

But even though Rachel had the favor of her husband and the Lord, it is clear from the narrative in the Bible that Leah also had more or less of the favor of the Lord. And not without good and sufficient reasons. Leah was blessed of the Lord from the beginning, in compensation, it would seem, for Jacob's "hatred" of her. "The Lord saw that Leah was hated, and he opened her womb, but Rachel was barren." Then again "from Leah sprang Judah, in whose line the promise to Abraham was to be fulfilled." It would be too much to say with some that "Leah was the one whom God intended for Jacob;" for Joseph, the "fruitful bough by a well," came from Rachel. During her early years of anxiety for children Rachel appears not to have been so mindful of the Lord as of her husband; whereas Leah, on the contrary, per force gave less attention to her husband, although he, too, appears to have been much in her mind. But afterward Rachel somewhat modified her attitude in the matter, for the Lord "hearkened unto her," which would imply prayer on her part, and gave her a son, Joseph. Moreover, when Jacob was stealing away with his now numerous family and herds and flocks from his wily father-in-law, Rachel stole some idols of her father's which he valued and probably consulted as oracles instead of the Lord. This would appear to signify that her faith still clung to some extent to the old gods instead of to the living God of her husband Jacob.

QUESTIONS.

1. Who were Leah and Rachel?
2. Describe the character of Laban.
3. Tell of the first meeting between Jacob and Rachel.
4. Relate the deception Laban played upon Jacob. Was it justifiable from Laban's point of view? What do you think was his real motive in the matter?
5. Describe the character of Rachel.
6. Describe the character of Leah.
7. Which do you consider the most favored? Why?

LESSON II.

Work and Business.

SECOND WEEK IN APRIL.

LESSON III.

Genealogy and Art.

THIRD WEEK IN APRIL.

GENEALOGY.

We took the liberty last month of transposing the March and April lesson in order to meet the needs of a number of stakes that desired this done.

This month we again suggest that a beginner's class in genealogy taken from our last year's Guide Lessons and from the Genealogical Lesson Book shall be kept up in all the branches of the Society. Those who have these lessons well learned and who are in the advanced grade will be glad of the practical help given this year in our lesson work for the establishment of a firm foundation on which to carry forward their individual and Relief Society work. But there are and always will be beginners who need the first lessons.

It has been suggested by the Board that every member of the Society shall spend at least one day in a temple, or arrange for someone to do this for her. This brings up at once the great question of excursions to a temple. Many ask us how this can be done. We give the following suggestions for the chairman of the Genealogical Committee, acting always under the approval of the Relief Society Presidency:

1. Consult the stake Presidency and obtain their full approval.

2. Invite the representative of the Genealogical Society to co-operate with the Relief Society.

3. Ascertain from the railroad agent what arrangements can be made for party rates.

4. Find out through the ward Genealogical Committee about how many persons will go.

Note: A successful plan is to invite so many from each ward to go, making them feel that it is a privilege rather than a duty.

5. Write to the president of the temple in your district and ask how many persons your stake may present at the chosen day or week.

Note: Always visit your own temple rather than wait for conference time and try to come to the Salt Lake temple. That temple has been so crowded of late that hundreds are turned away each week, and conference time is always a particularly crowded week.

6. Ascertain where your people can get lodgings for a day or so, if you travel long distances, by writing to the stake president or the temple president. Some rent rooms and carry their own provisions.

7. The Genealogical Committee should next discover how many names can be supplied from their own wards and stakes. Oftentimes some poor persons have long lists of names, but cannot afford to go to the temple, while it also happens that some who can afford to go have no names. The committee in this case, can act as an exchange bureau.

Note: Unless the chairman of the committee is familiar with the mode of preparing baptismal and other temple sheets, it is better to simply insist on each person bringing a clearly written statement of record of the work he wishes to do and trust to the competent temple recorders to prepare the names and informaion after reaching the temple.

It must always be bourne in mind that the chairman of any or all committees in the Relief Society work under the advice and supervision of the presidency of her Society. There must be order in the Church. A chairman is always in order in devising ways and means for the advancement and development of the work placed under her charge; but this must be done after consultation, and with the direct approval, of the presidency of the Society.

8. Our last suggestions are for those who live too far away from the temples to take an excursion, but who should not be deprived of the privilege and blessing derived from this glorious work.

(a) Work in harmony with your stake presidency, and the representative of the Genealogical Society.

(b) Send your missionaries to every member of the Society, to collect means and names.

(c) After arranging all data and having means enough to cover the cost of substitute work, forward the whole to the president of the temple in your district.

9. Report all official work thus done on your ward records.

(a) Always remember your donations and make them proportionate to your circumstances.

Now, sisters, go on with this glorious and necessary work, and let no woman say "there is no temple work for me to do." Here is a way for all to work and be blessed in the doing of it.

QUESTIONS.

1. What arrangements can you suggest to enable your ward to be represented this year at the temple?
2. Who is the representative of the Genealogical Society in your ward and stake?
3. Which is the better plan: to call persons to go on an excursion, or to invite them?
4. Write a model letter to the temple president, asking permission to visit the temple in your stake in one month from date.
5. What can you say about preparing sheets for your temple work?
6. What should be the attitude of the chairman of the Genealogical Committee to the president of the Relief Society?
7. If your stake is too far away to go on a temple excursion what can you do as satisfactory substitute work?
8. What members of the Society would you excuse from actual or substituted temple work during the year 1916?

ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

THE INTERDEPENDENCE OF LANDSCAPE AND ARCHITECTURE.

However unslightly a building may appear, or however beautiful the architecture of a home or church or business block may be, its effect may be greatly modified by the landscape.

The English ivy, the Boston ivy, a climbing rose, wisteria or honeysuckle vine, or the fruiting grape, may be so successfully placed, that it assists the architecture in creating an atmosphere of sweetness and grace. On the other hand, a badly kept lawn, ugly paths and walks, and sickly, untrimmed trees, poorly placed, can make a poem of architecture look indeed ridiculous.

When designing a house or church building, the architect al-

ways gives consideration to the landscape—the surrounding fields, trees, and buildings.

It would be poor judgment, indeed, to plan beautiful architecture, without planning for the surroundings as well. A lawn here, a walk there, a rose garden yonder, a tall tree planted to balance the other end of the roof, a mass of flowers, a garden-seat—any one of these may be used to make perfection or to mar the beauty of church or home.

The architecture and garden, together, may be all that one might desire, yet there are moments when the landscape unites with them to complete a picture worthy to be preserved forever. Let us not then pass unnoticed the rose-tinted clouds at dawn, the wind-swept cloud, a sunset sky, a double rainbow, that gives this added touch of entrancing loveliness. And while we study beautiful bulidings, let us think of beautiful gardens, and a beautiful landscape, to complete the picture.

Let us pay special attention to the surroundings, in connection with the home. Turn to page 144, *Devotees and Their Shrines,* and notice an illustration in which the lines all lead to the porch roof, and then come down the corner post to our lady in white. The masses of flowers in the foreground, seem to creep close to the path, which leads up to the step, and the fences seem to follow toward the same goal. The nearby stones seem comfortably settled in lines leading to this same spot. Therefore, there is rest, harmony and rythm, in this picture. Without Mrs. Allen, the picture would not be so successful.

Turn to page 145, to the house where Julina Lambson Smith was born, and note the splotch of green in the upper left-hand corner. It repeats the mass of tree and vine. It gives a touch of strength and vigor to the whole picture, and by filling up a large, empty space, in the sky, makes the design good.

Draw a circle, including dear Aunt Melissa, the vine, and the chimney, and the bush at the corner of the house. A second and larger circle will include Uncle Albert at the door, the poplar tree, the dark spot of tree in the sky, the distant trees and shrubs beyond the kitchen, as well as the shrubs below, the holly-hocks, and the border in the foreground. Circles such as these are very pleasing in architecture and landscape gardens, as well as in pictures and statuary.

We have studied this lesson of artistic gardening by Leila Merrill Allen, page 144, *Devotees and Their Shrines,* with the idea of choice of flowers and flower beds. Now add to this, the thought of the architecture and landscape surroundings of the home.

QUESTIONS.

a. Why do you plan a garden with walks, borders, lawn, trees, shrubs, and flower beds?

b. Invent a color scheme for a garden for spring flowers.

c. Invent a color scheme for fall flowers.

d. What vines may be trained over sheds to give beauty?

e. What flowers are most suitable for a brilliant border; what for a sweet-scented border?

f. Make a plan for a peony garden. When should the peonies be planted?

g. Design a rose garden behind the house.

h. Plan walks and flower beds with place for dwelling indicated.

i. Plan paths, creek, and house in a mountain home (p. 152).

Read: Pages 149-150, "The Dear Old Garden," written by Aunt Em, of her own garden.

a. What part of Mrs. Wells' life did the garden fill?

b. If she had not known the joy of a garden, that beautiful poem could never have been written. What are its most beautiful lines and thoughts?

c. Read "The Cottage," by the architect Dallas—page 151.

d. From its perusal, you must glean the facts that this architect designs the architecture of a cottage only in connection with the landscape—never as a house alone.

e. What does he mean by fitness and power of association?

f. Name the essentials of a mountain camp. Why is not the study of the arrangement of the cabin, alone, sufficient for a successful mountain home?

LESSON IV.

Home Economics.

FOURTH WEEK IN APRIL.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINT HOME.

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Gem: Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise: she provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.—Prov. 6:6, 7, 8.

Outline:

1. The Question Involved.
2. Woman's Chief Difficulty.
3. An Example.
4. The Family Income.
   a. Who provides it.
   b. Who spends it.
   c. Woman's share in the business of the Home.

5. The Budget.
6. Two Objections Answered.
7. The Experimental Budget.
   a. How It can be Made Accurate.
8. Information to be Gained from Records.
9. Benefits to the Family from the Budget System of Living.

A question we frequently hear discussed is: "Should the finances of the home be managed in a business-like way?" This is the problem of the day and its final solution will come, not from the professional writer, but through efforts of the housekeeper.

The hardest work many women have to do is to take care of their families and keep them happy and comfortable with the amount of money which comes to them for this purpose. Life is a constant struggle to make ends meet. A woman spends for what seems necessary as occasion occurs, but when spring and fall come and clothing for the family must be purchased, or when some expensive piece of equipment must be bought for the home, she never knows whether there will be enough money to pay meat and grocery bills or not. She is always worried about finances and never sure just what she should afford.

One such woman tells how she escaped from this bondage. For the first few years of her housekeeping Mrs. X worried along with ends never meeting, always suffering from the terrible feeling that she was spending too much but not knowing just how or where. They bought a home, feeling it was cheaper to buy than to rent and found that the house was a high-priced luxury, that it was too large and too difficult to care for with their income. But she says, "We found this out *after* we bought." She employed help; found she could not afford it *after* she tried it for a time. She bought what she felt was needed for the table and found herself always behind in her bills. She did not know till the end of the month that she was spending too much. After two or three years of this she decide there must be some better way to manage. She tried planning a head. First, she set down on a piece of paper the big things she knew must be paid—the payments on the house, taxes, insurance, etc. Then she divided what was left among other expenses as best she could. It did not all come out right at first, but after a time she worked out a system which did come out satisfactory and leave her a little over. She says this learning to plan ahead for her spending, and thus being able to live within their income, did more for their happiness than if a relative had left them a fortune. She learned what we must all acknowledge to be true—that the home, while it must be many other things, should also be a business organization. Husband and wife are partners, and as fast as the children grow old enough

to understand, they should be taken into the firm as junior partners.

All should understand how much money, or its equivalent, there is for the running of the business of the home and all should be equally interested in seeing that this money, or its equivalent, is wisely used—used so as to bring the greatest good to each and every one of the family.

In most families the man provides the income and the wife does most of the spending. For she spends for the whole family, not just for herself. Thus it comes about that the spending for the home and family is woman's share in the business side of homemaking.

Most women are willing to acknowledge that the above fact is true, but all do not agree in what is equally true—that in order to spend wisely and to the best advantage some systematic method of planning ahead must be evolved.

The business term used for a written statement of income for the year and the plan of spending that income for the various expenses to be incurred during the year is called a Budget. A budget for the home then is a table of expenses or a written statement of the income and of the divisions of this income into separate amounts, each of which is to be used for some one class of expenditures. That is, after finding out the income and writing that down, the housekeeper decides how much is needed for food, how much for clothing, and how much for each of the several items into which she divides her home expenses.

So when we speak of planning some systematic method of handling the household expenses, we really mean that some kind of a budget or table of expenses should be planned, written out, and strictly lived up to. The first objection the busy woman will make to this suggestion is that she has not time for it. Women who have tried this plan all say it saves far more time than it takes. Another objection is that such a plan can be carried out only in a family on a salary. The experience of many women whose husbands are business men or farmers show that this budget plan of spending can be carried out successfully on an irregular income.

The budget for the first year it is tried must be experimental, and may not come out as planned; but if one watches it carefully and sees where it was wrong she can plan more accurately for the next year. An exact account of everything spent and everything which comes in must be kept. It is this careful keeping track of all money or its equivalent coming in which is the essential part of the work when the income is irregular. The accounts and budget for the first year give something more definite on which to base the second year's plans. Every year this plan is continued helps one to plan more accurately for the coming year. If there comes a year when one must, for some reason, live more econom-

ically she can survey her budget and see where the saving can best be made. Or as the family income increases so as to give her more to spend, she can systematically distribute and increase.

After using the budget system for a few years the account book will be found to be a storehouse of information to assist in planning for the future. If one wishes to give a party and wishes to know whether it can be afforded or not, she turns easily to the page of a previous party and finds there every item of expense connected therewith, and at the bottom of the page a summary showing each detail of expense and the cost per person of the number entertained. From this can be easily and closely estimated the cost of entertaining a larger or smaller number, or the additional cost of introducing more expensive features in menu or entertainment. Of even more value will be found the record of exact quantities used for a given number, with the marginal note as to any excess or deficiency.

Can the family afford to take a camping trip? From previous years' records will be found the cost of former trips and the amount saved on ordinary running expenses, giving the net cost of this recreation, which is often found to be extremely low. Can a trip to California be afforded? The writer from previous records estimated a recent trip to California at $151 and provided that amount in her budget. The total cost of the trip was $151.50. A friend, without previous records, planned a similar trip which was to be made on $100. The trip was made. Two hundred dollars was necessary. The family finances were seriously crippled for the year.

Examples could be multiplied indefinitely showing the reliance which can be placed on the records of the past. The records are not necessarily your own. Women of today exchange recipes; women in the future may exchange estimates.

The budget system of managing brings many benefits to the home where it is used. First, it brings a husband and wife closer together. The woman who thus plans and saves even a small amount immediately becomes a partner with her husband in building a home and a fortune. While a woman who unquestioningly spends what is given her is never a member of the firm. In many homes the question of money is a constant source of irritation. This is not the case where the matter is placed on a business foundation. For the basis of budget-making must be co-operation. The woman must understand her husband's income and financial plans. As partners they must handle this income. The hours they spend together planning how he is to meet mortgage, taxes, interest, etc., and how she is to meet the many and varied expenses which come under her management are very happy hours if they bring mutual understanding of one another's problem and mutual appreciation of one another's efforts.

Second, the woman who plans ahead buys to better advantage. If she knows that the little daughter must have cloak, hat, dress, three aprons, underwear, and stockings, in the fall, and that there is just so much money for this child's whole fall expenditures, she plans carefully just about what each thing may cost. She is not tempted to buy some pretty hat she sees which is so expensive that it would leave no money for the underwear or make the cloak too cheap to be durable. She learns too, that the cheapest article is sometimes the most expensive; that is, it may be so cheap it does not wear. It is better to buy a good garment which wears two seasons than a cheap one which fails to go through one. The woman who has her plans all written out can wisely take advantage of sales. She is not tempted to buy useless things just because they are cheap and on sale.

Third, if one buys to better advantage she will inevitably save more. Systematic planning means systematic saving. The savings account is a very important part of the business of homemaking. Any family, except under the direst poverty or the greatest misfortune, can save if they will. It is the habit of saving and not the amount saved which is the important thing to establish. The greatest of fortunes have started with the smallest of savings. The testimony of almost everyone who has saved, as well as of those who have not, is that it is easier to start saving in the beginning on a small or moderate income, than it is to start upon a larger one after habits of spending have been acquired. The person with a thousand dollar income says, "If I had your $2,000 income I would save," when the fact is that the two thousand dollar income referred to is the result of saving and habits of saving formed on an income of less than $1,000. The great majority of people who plan to save in the future never do it. They allow their expenses to increase as rapidly as incomes increase. A twelve hundred dollar salary with $200 saved puts a family much further on the road to ultimate success than a two thousand dollar income with $100 saved.

Fourth, families who run their finances in this business-like way are more contented. If father, mother, and children all understand what the family have to live on and know it is divided justly and carefully among the various expenses each will feel satisfied that the best possible results are being obtained. There will be far less longing and wishing for what they cannot have than where everything is indefinite. The high school girl who knows that all her clothes for the year must be covered by fifty dollars will not go crazy over wanting a forty-dollar cloak, as she might do if she knew that father provided money only for her needs and she had no definite idea of what her share of the family money was. When each child knows that his share is set aside

there will be no jealousy among the children,—no feeling that one is having more than another, such as exists in some families.

Fifth, out of all this grows a peace of mind which is priceless. One who is living within her income, knows that in the coming year she will again live within it and save something. This gives more happiness than riches.

Having once used a budget and kept systematic accounts, no housekeeper will ever think them too much trouble. The time and effort spent on them is repaid to her many times over in the happiness they give to her and her family.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the question with which this lesson deals?
2. What is the chief difficulty a woman has to meet in buying for her family? When does she find this hardest?
3. Why did Mrs. X spend too much in the first years of her housekeeping? How did she overcome this trouble? Why did this make them so happy? What was the big fact she learned that is of value to every family?
4. Who provides the income of the family? Who spends it? What is woman's share in the business of homemaking?
5. What is a Home Budget?
6. What are two objections many women make? What reply is made to each?
7. What kind of a budget must one begin with? What will help her to make it more exact?
8. What information can one gain from her records? Can you think of other things one might find out from them?
9. What is the first benefit the budget system brings to the home?
10. What is the second benefit?
11. What is the third benefit?
12. What is the fourth benefit?
13. What is the fifth benefit?
14. Can you think of other benefits not given in the lesson?
15. Should the finances of the home be managed on the budget plan?

Will Mrs. Susan Leighton send her full address to this office? Her magazine cannot be forwarded.

My Epitaph.

Eliza R. Snow.

'Tis not the tribute of a sigh
From sorrow's bleeding bosom drawn;
Nor tears that flow from pity's eye,
To weep for me when I am gone;

No costly balm, no rich perfume,
No vain sepulchral rite I claim;
No mournful knell, no marble tomb,
Nor sculptur'd stone to tell my name.

It is a holier tithe I crave
Than time-proof, monumental piers,
Than roses planted on my grave,
Or willows drip'd in dewy tears.

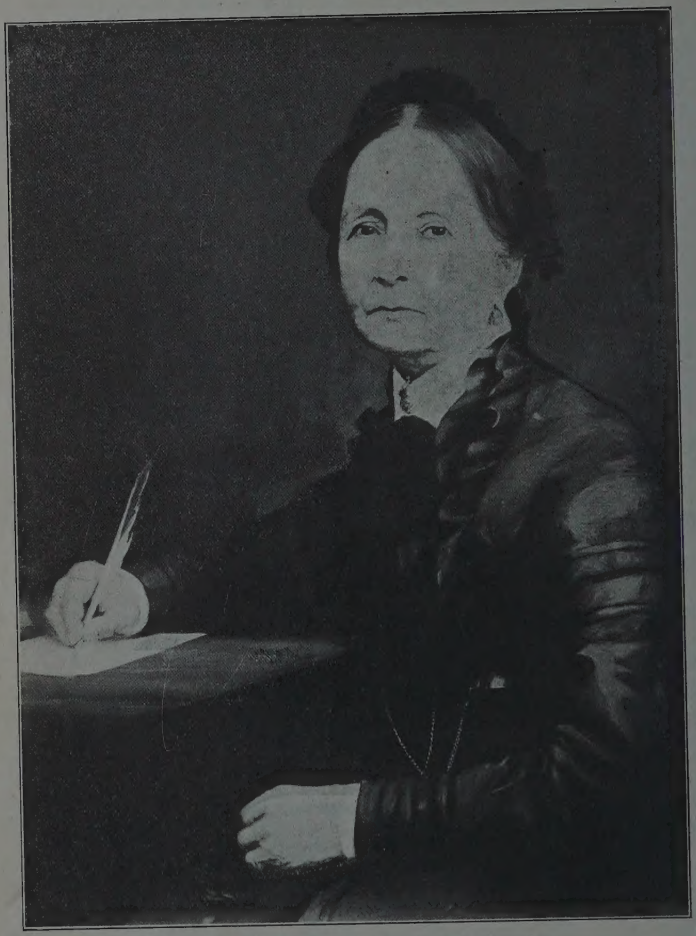
The garlands of hypocrisy
May be equip'd with many a gem;
I prize the heart's sincerity
Before a princely diadem.

In friendship's memory let me live,
I know no earthly wish beside;
I ask no more; yet, oh, forgive
This impulse of instinctive pride.

The silent pulse of memory,
That beats to the unutter'd tone
Of tenderness, is more to me
Than the insignia of a stone:

For friendship holds a secret cord,
That with the fibres of my heart,
Entwines so deep, so close, 'tis hard
For death's dissecting hand to part.

I feel the low responses roll,
Like distant echoes of the night,
And whisper, softly through my soul,
"I would not be forgotten quite."



NEW PORTRAIT OF ELIZA R. SNOW
In the Sale Lake Temple. Painted by Lewis A. Ramsey.